

Children's Newspaper

Does the Universe Move to the Right?  
See My Magazine for August

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## JOHN SMITH, HERO OF THE JAMBOREE

### GREAT ARMY INVADES ENGLAND SCENE ON KENT COAST

Starfishes Come Ashore in  
Their Millions

### A VERY QUEER CREATURE

England has been invaded by a great army ten miles long. It landed on the Kent coast and stretched from Deal to Pegwell Bay.

A gay spectacle it was, glittering in the sun, with its varied uniforms; and thousands of people gathered to see the invaders, of whom, curiously enough, after the first few minutes, they did not seem at all afraid.

This army was made up of millions of starfishes, which, for some reason that cannot be explained, made this sudden descent on the English coast just where, 1470 years before, the first Englishmen came, for it was here, in the Isle of Thanet, that Hengist landed with his Saxons. The invaders came in with the tide, and, for a few moments, alarmed the bathers and paddlers, who made the most excited efforts to escape.

### Inglorious End

Such an army of starfishes is a record. As far as the eye could reach this great bank of pulpy creatures lined the shore, and as they came in with the tide, so they went out with the tide. Meanwhile allotment-holders and farmers were busy, and thousands of the ill-starred visitors were collected in barrows and carts and taken off to perform the undignified task of manuring the land. It was an inglorious end to such a pretentious invasion—but England does not like invasions!

The starfish is a rapacious creature. It does great damage among the oysters and mussels, and for this reason is regarded as a foe by the fishermen. Covering the oyster or mussel with its body, it takes it into its mouth; and should the victim be too big for this the starfish will protrude its stomach and digest the creature outside. While doing so it draws its rays together and uses them as feet on which to stand.

### Army That Grew

Another strange habit of this creature led to queer results some time ago. It was formerly the practice of the fishermen, when any number of starfish invaded the oyster or mussel beds, to catch them, and, rending them asunder, to throw the severed parts into the water—perhaps as a severe warning to other ill-intentioned starfish.

With a human invader this would, of course, have been fatal and final. But what happened with the dismembered starfish? Well, when the rays, or arms, were torn off, the mutilated body simply grew fresh ones, and, stranger still, the sundered arms themselves began to grow other arms, and finally made complete bodies for themselves! The result, therefore, was quite disastrous

for the fishermen, for the more the enemy was cut to pieces the more he multiplied.

A naturalist some time ago picked up on the beach an odd ray of a starfish and took it home to his aquarium. In five days four additional arms began to grow, a day or two later a mouth formed,

and in a month there was a complete starfish that had solved the problem which all our doctors are striving to fathom—namely, that of renewing our youth. The old starfish had stretched out its arms, seized upon youth, and started out on a new career.

### Founder of the Boy's League of Nations



The Chief Scout, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, organiser of the Jamboree at Olympia

### BEARS TRAMP ACROSS AMUNDSEN'S ROOF

MORE news comes from Captain Amundsen, who is exploring in the Arctic.

It seems that Amundsen's ship Maud has had two terrible winters. The vessel was frequently so heavily weighted by ice that the propeller and the helm were frozen, and only the masts were visible above the surface. Thanks to her splendid construction, however, the little ship resisted all the attacks of the elements.

It must have been thrilling for Amundsen and his men living down in the depths of the ship, for once or twice they heard

bears tramping across the mass of snow that covered their decks and formed their roof. We are also told that Amundsen had a narrow escape in a personal encounter with a bear, and that once he broke an arm by falling from the vessel down on to the ice. He appears to have happily recovered from both these excitements, however.

It is said that new land has been discovered and explored, and that Amundsen has also made a thorough study of the life and customs of the quaint Eskimo tribes.

### RAINBOW CLIFFS OF FRANCE

RARE SPECTACLE SEEN  
FROM FOLKESTONE

### Changing Colour of the Land WONDER OF ICE SPECKS IN THE AIR

Those whose holidays have taken them to the south coast this summer, especially if the holiday has been spent in the Isle of Thanet, or on that Kentish coast from which a glimpse of France may be caught, have been favoured with wonderful atmospheric effects.

From Folkestone, in particular, the distant shores on the other side of the Channel have been frequently visible—a sure sign of changeable weather—and have presented once or twice a most curious appearance. On the evening of July 11 thousands of people who were gathered on the Leas at Folkestone saw the French cliffs change their colour at sundown to a flaming red.

The ruddy hue was maintained for about five minutes, but as it faded the glow seemed to spread all over the sky.

### Kaleidoscope of the Sky

The cause of these remarkable colour effects is two-fold. In general they are produced very much as the rainbow is produced, but, whereas the rainbow colours arise from the filtering of light through small particles of water, which have been falling, or will fall, as raindrops, the colour effects higher in the sky arise from the passage of beams of light through tiny particles of ice.

Remember that raindrops in the sky are very much smaller than raindrops that fall to the ground. Indeed, the raindrops which we catch on our umbrellas may each consist of hundreds of the rain particles in the sky; and the ice particles at great heights are so tiny that they can float there.

As the light from the sun passes among the mist particles or water particles or ice particles of the various strata of the air it becomes bent and scattered by them, and produces different colours according to the height and the angle at which it strikes them.

### Fine Effects in Bad Weather

Thus the rosy hues are produced by the passage of light through atmospheric strata which reach a height of ten miles only. The yellow and greenish glows are produced by reflections in layers rising to a height of twenty-five to thirty miles. The bluish reflections may take their origin from particles at a height of eighty or ninety miles. At these heights the temperature is far, far below zero, and is probably colder than on the earth.

Another reason why these curious effects are seen more frequently in unsettled weather than in fine is that the unsettlement, which consists of great whirling areas of air, has the effect of bringing masses of cold air down from great heights to warmer layers below.



## LETTERS TO THE TSAR

## EMPEROR'S AMAZING WIFE

## How Superstition Undermined the Russian Throne

## "THE LITTLE COMB THAT WOULD HELP THE TSAR"

The war led to the collapse of three empires. The despot thrones of Austria, Germany, and Russia fell in one heap.

The whole world felt that the Emperor Carl of Austria did not matter anyway; and that the braggart Kaiser was a tinsel figure asking for contempt. But what of the Tsar? Was he not good and well-meaning, but simple—a weak man, easily influenced, much overtaxed by difficulties, and deserving pity for his terrible destiny?

This view will be deepened by 150 letters from the Tsaritsa to the Tsar which have been read by a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian.

The letters were sent to the Tsar by his wife in 1915, between the fifth and the sixteenth months of the war.

## The Terrible Priest

There can be no excuse for "murder most foul," but the letters prove abundantly that the Government overwhelmed in Russia by the revolution was backward, stupid, superstitious, and blind almost beyond belief, and that the central figure in it was the Tsar's wife.

The following points are made clear. To the Tsaritsa the Tsar was almost like a god. It was his duty, she felt, to be an autocrat, and to do what he liked. All others must bow to his master will. But the Tsar was ruled by her whenever she was near him. She seemed to hypnotise him.

Then she, in her turn, was ruled quite as absolutely by the blackguard priest Rasputin, whose word she accepted as if it were the voice of God.

## Silly Ideas

Of all who would take any part in the government of the country, whether they were ministers (who ought to be thrashed), or diplomats (who ought to be hanged), or the Parliament (which was "chosen by brutes" and should be shut up), or the Grand Duke Nicolas (the Tsar's one capable relative)—of all these she was frantically jealous, because their influence was likely to weaken the hold she and the rascal priest Rasputin had over the wavering but amiable Tsar.

By the wrong-headedness of her opinions, the silliness of her superstitions, and the violence of her prejudices, this most foolish of women lost all her real friends. Yet she, as the cat-spaw of the detested Rasputin, was the ruler of Russia under Tsardom.

Her superstition knew no bounds. She believed in all kinds of silly charms. Thus she wrote to her husband during the most difficult time in the war: "Remember to comb your hair before all difficult tasks or decisions—the little comb will bring its help."

## Blind Rulers

Think of that from the ruler of 150 million people! To suppose that a hair-comb could impart wisdom! And this was not from a benighted ruler of the Middle Ages; it was the august, mighty, intelligent, heaven-inspired Tsardom of the twentieth century!

Can it be wondered at that such senseless shams have been swept clean away by the honest indignation of the very people who were regarded, from above, as brutes?

The war has brought some foolish people into power, shallow-minded and ignorant, but none quite so blind and silly and prejudiced as the rulers by so-called Divine Right who were deposed from thrones where they had been laughing stocks and reproaches. These people were too small to be killed; but history has done no greater thing than to sweep them as "rubbish to the void."

## £100 FOR A C.N. GIRL

## Grant that will Help Her Education

## A HUNDRED OTHER AWARDS

The keenest interest was shown all over the country in the Editor's offer of £100 to assist in the education of some boy or girl who showed promise by painting an outline of the cover of My Magazine for July.

Thousands of paintings were sent in, and many of these were splendidly executed. The task of selecting the best has been a difficult one, owing to the very high standard maintained, but after due consideration the Editor has selected that of Joanna Weskett as the best. We give Joanna's portrait and some particulars in the next column.

Ten shillings is being sent to each of the following hundred readers, who all made very good attempts.

Cecily Allin, Southampton (15); Norah K. Bailey, Horsforth, near Leeds (15); Walter Beard, Reading (12); Vera M. Begg, London, S.W. 4 (12); Agnes M. Bill, Romford (14); Eileen Blackwood, Belfast (12); Marion Bool, Abertillery (9); Helen Brook, Burgess Hill (12); Mary Browne, Sunderland (16); Maurice A. Brownfoot, Pool, near Leeds (12); Phyllis Bubb, Erith (15); E. Byrd, Cardiff (15).

Joan Chell, Seacombe, Cheshire (14); W. R. Clements, London, S.E. 11 (15); Marjorie Conway, Ryde (9); M. Crowther, Romley, Cheshire (12); Betty Cumberland, Ramsgate (9); E. Cuthbertson, Harborne (12).

Doris L. Dickens, New Malden (14); Winifred Dickinson, Middlesbrough (15); Elsie Dickson, Bristol (13); Geoffrey Dodd, Birkenhead (16).

Audrey East, Kettering (14); Charles H. Elson, Coventry (12).

Ernest W. Forster, Willesden (16).

Nan M. Gibson, Falkirk (16).

Albert E. Hallwell, Southport (14); Marion Hampshire, Streatham (16); Leonard Hanson, Croydon (15); Alfred Harrington, Sheffield (16); Dorothy Harris, Water Orton (15); J. W. Harvey, Headington (13); Alix E. Hay, Stockport (14); M. K. Heather, Newbury (15); Hilda Housley, Birmingham (16).

Vera Jones, Hounslow (16); Kenneth Kaye, Stocksbridge (12); Philip Keen, Denmark Hill (16); Roy Kemp, Urmston (14).

Kathleen Leahy, Southampton (16); Selwyn Lees, Wolstanton, Staffs (14).

Reggie Maggs, Midsomer Norton, near Bath (12); Molly Martin, Darlington (15); Gwen M. May, Muswell Hill (16); Eileen Mayo, Bristol (13); Dorothy MacWhirter, Rock Ferry, Cheshire (15); Jean McEwan, Falkirk (14); Alice F. McKenzie, East Newport, Fife (13); Mary McKewan, Birmingham (14); Cluthona Meeze, Painswick (15); Kathleen Miles, Moreton-in-the-Marsh (12); A. L. Mitchell, Sydenham (14); Jerry Morgan, Methil, Fife (16); Alice Moorhouse, York (12); L. A. Moyns, Erdington (15).

Doris Newberry, London, W. 4 (16); Frank Newell, Earl's Court (13); Bessie Nicol, Ipswich (15).

Catherine Oates, Sale, Cheshire (9).

Frank Parker, Brixton (16); Alfred E. Parr, Southport, Lancs (15); Ernest Pearson, Birmingham (15); Mabel Pearson, Belfast (14); Vera Phillips, Worcester (14); Marie Potts, Birmingham (14); Charles F. Pull, Stoke Newington (16).

Kathleen M. Radcliffe, Burnley, Lancs (16); E. J. Rivers, Branley, near Guildford (16); Gladys Rogers, Torquay (15); Madeleine Rose-Price, Halifax (16).

Lorna Savile, Bristol (12); P. Scott, Worthing (13); R. Scott, Bath (14); John A. Shaw, Glasgow (16); Leonora M. Simcock, Rhyl (15); Gordon Smith, Walsall (16); Hilda Steel, Handsworth (15); Audrey Stirk, Wolverhampton (12); Marjorie Stoddart, Beckenham (15); Ruby Stoddart, West Hartlepool (15); Melville Sutton, Glamorgan (12).

P. L. Talbot, Leeds (15); Lillie Taylor, Streatham (15); Eveline Thomas, Devonport (16); Ruth Thompson, Enfield (16); Irene Turner, Bristol (14).

Elsie Walker, Birstall, near Leeds (11); Olga Watson, Edinburgh (16); Minnie Westcott, Norwich (15); Madeline Weyman, Hendon (16); L. Wheatley, South Shields (14); Ella Wheeler, Bristol (15); Florence Wheeler, Wyde Green, Warwickshire (16); Herbert Whitwam, Wombwell, near Barnsley (15); Austin Williams, Crumlin, Mon (14); Robert Williams, Reigate (12); Annette Wilson, Birkenhead (12); Margaret Womack, Dulwich Village (11); Marjorie H. Wood, Seven Kings (11); Dorothy Woolley, Ruddington, Notts (16).

## ANGEL OF THE POOR TOWN CHILD

## Who Will Buy a Day in the Country?

In this holiday season, when the sea whispers its spell into our ears, when the flowers don their bright gowns and the dim woodland walks and the melody of the birds all entice us to leave the parched pavements of the city and hie away to golden sands or tranquil fields—what of those who cannot go?

Cramped in foul slums where the sky is a mockery and the sun a torture, the ragged urchins of the gutter can only dream of fields and flowers and the dazling sea. But for kindly aid a holiday for them is as far away as heaven.

Happily that aid exists: it is the Fresh Air Fund. It is the angel of the poor town child. By means of it four million poor children, bricked up in ugliness and often in squalor, have been made happy. It is a proud record, and the organisers hope that the generous response of the public will enable them to continue to bring a week, or even a day, of golden youth and sunshine into the drab lives of poor children.

Will you, the happy children of this little land, help the Fresh Air Fund to give the children of the poor a glimpse of the shores and hills for which our heroes fought and died? A day's outing for the poor town child, who can reckon its value? Any small subscription may be sent to Ernest Kessell, Pearson's Fresh Air Fund, 224, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

JOANNA WESKETT  
Winner of Our £100

The Editor sends his best wishes—and is sure all C.N. readers will join in them—to Joanna Weskett, of Lyndhurst, Malpas Road,



Joanna Weskett

Matlock, who has won the grant of £100 towards her education by her excellent painting of the cover of My Magazine. Joanna is the daughter of the new Postmaster of Matlock, and has just been accepted as a student at Derby Art School. She is 16 years old. She has been in Matlock only a few weeks, having formerly lived at Crawley, in Sussex. We send our compliments to Miss Collins, the Principal of Grangley School at Horsham, where Joanna received her education. Joanna won one of the hundred ten-shilling prizes in the last colour-painting examination, and her determination not to be beaten this time has been well rewarded.

## ITALY FOR PEACE

## To Make Wars Impossible

Italy, through her Government, has made it known to the world that she is determined to clear up resolutely, at any sacrifice, the cost, confusion, and unrest left by the war, to place the country on a firm footing of steady industry, and, above all, to pursue a policy that will make all future wars impossible.

So the new Italian Government completely, frankly, and faithfully states for itself what should be, and is, the feeling of the mass of the people in all the countries that can claim to be civilised.

War is still going on, but only in the countries that are on the border-line between civilisation and a slightly disguised savagery.

## SHAKESPEARE OF MUSIC

## FORGOTTEN IMMORTAL OF LONG AGO

## William Byrd and His Lost Works

## RESCUED FROM OBLIVION

Mr. Carnegie's money has done many good things, but it has done nothing better than making it possible to publish the music of William Byrd, organist of the Chapel Royal in the days of Shakespeare.

William Byrd was a Lincoln musician who came to London and, with his fellow musician Tallis, was granted the sole privilege of printing music.

A very prolific writer of all kinds of music, he was regarded as the first musician of his time. Yet, though he alone in his day could print music, very little of his own work has been known in modern times.

Now, however, the Carnegie Trust is paying for the collection of this old English composer's music and its issue in a popular form. Dr. Terry, of West-

## 45,000,000 People Lost

How many more people would have been living in the world today if there had been no war?

A Danish society has been trying to answer this question. It divides the cost in lives under three headings.

The largest loss, it decides, has been in the children who have not been born but would have been born except for the war. Next comes the people of all ages who, owing to the war, died through insufficiency of nourishment or by disease. That is the difference between the average death-rate and the actual death-rate. Last come the deaths in the war itself.

The numbers given in these three divisions are:

Through decline in births .. 20,210,000  
Increased death-rate .. 15,130,000  
Killed in the war .. 9,829,000

According to this calculation, allowing for the deaths that would have occurred among those who were killed in the war, the population of the world is less by 45,000,000 than it would have been if there had been no war.

minster Cathedral, who is in charge of the movement to give William Byrd his proper place in the history of English music, has the highest possible opinion of it all.

"Purcell is generally quoted as the greatest of English composers," says Dr. Terry, "but I believe William Byrd is greater. The next generation will probably regard him with the veneration given to Shakespeare." Byrd, that is to say, may come to be in music what Shakespeare is in literature.

The music of Byrd has been scattered in many places, in old manuscripts never published. Some of the part-books were recently found hidden away in an old cupboard. Now they have been brought together in harmony, and competent musicians who have heard their effects declare that they will be welcomed as a most notable recovery from oblivion of music that will delight the world, and will give new fame to an age that through the genius of our countrymen, as in many other ways, was truly glorious.

## THE END OF THE WAR

It has now been decided that the end of the war with Germany was not the legal end of the war. Many legal questions depend on the actual date of the termination of the war, but that has not yet been determined.



## MOTORCAR NUMBERS WHY DO CHILDREN TAKE THEM?

The Boy who went for a Bicycle  
and Got Something Else

### WHO SETS SILLY RUMOURS ABOUT?

Many readers of the C.N. have written to tell us why they take the numbers of motor-cars passing along their road. It seems that they are taken for various reasons.

One reader declares that he used to take the numbers of the trains that passed a certain place, finding it interesting to watch for the same number coming back, so that he knew how long the train had been away.

But the most popular game seems to be the taking of as many numbers of cars as they can in a certain time. Then the figures are totalled up, and whoever has the largest number wins.

A number of readers from all parts of the country, northward to Preston in the Midlands, and westward into Wales, say that a rumour went round that somebody would give a prize for the greatest number of numbers.

What the prize was is indefinite in some letters, but others say a bicycle; and the number of motors to be noticed varies between one and seven thousand.

#### Instinct for Collecting

The fate of those who have really tested this prize rumour to the bitter end is sad, according to a Preston reader, who reports thus: "A rumour spread about that if you got a thousand car numbers and took them to one of our leading athletic outfitters you would receive a new bicycle, but it is said that a boy who did take in his numbers got in exchange a box on the ears."

By the way, it is a girl who tells this tale against the simple boy.

How the stories get about of some mysterious advantage being gained by collecting quite useless things has never been explained satisfactorily. There are, for example, thousands of people collecting defaced postage stamps in the belief that if one gets a million some advantage will come, either to the collector or to some charitable institution.

Nothing of the kind will happen, and the stamps are useless, yet people will go on passing the rumour round, and it will be believed wherever nonsense is preferred to sense.

The best answer received to the question why children collect the motor numbers is that an instinct for collecting is widely felt. Nearly everyone at some time collects something, often without a clear purpose. It is this instinct for collecting and hoarding—which also is felt by some animals—that finds expression in the noting of numbers by children. This process of observation, wisely directed towards useful statistics, has a high value as knowledge.

## AFRICAN CHIEF AT WESTMINSTER

### What He Thinks of Parliament

A native chief from Lagos, in West Africa, has been visiting the House of Commons and has given his impression of a debate in the Mother of Parliaments. This is what he says.

My first impressions were of the architectural magnificence and the height of the House.

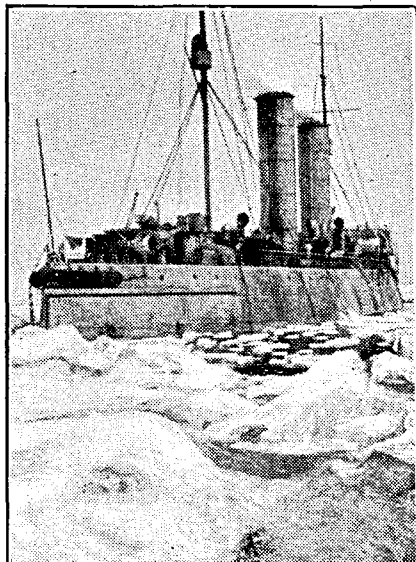
Next, I was struck by the order which the members observed. But what impressed me most was the independence of each member, the freedom of speech, and the manner in which matters are decided. It is all done openly, and not by secret ballot. When a member wanted to record his vote he walked openly into one room or another.

That was due, of course, to the members being elected by the people. I wish the Government would extend such a franchise to West Africa.

## THRILLING SCENES IN THE POLAR ICE



The steamer Solovei icebound in the Kara Sea, as seen from the rescue ship Sviatogor. Over eighty persons on the Solovei had been held up for months



The icebreaker Sviatogor fighting her way to rescue the Solovei's crew



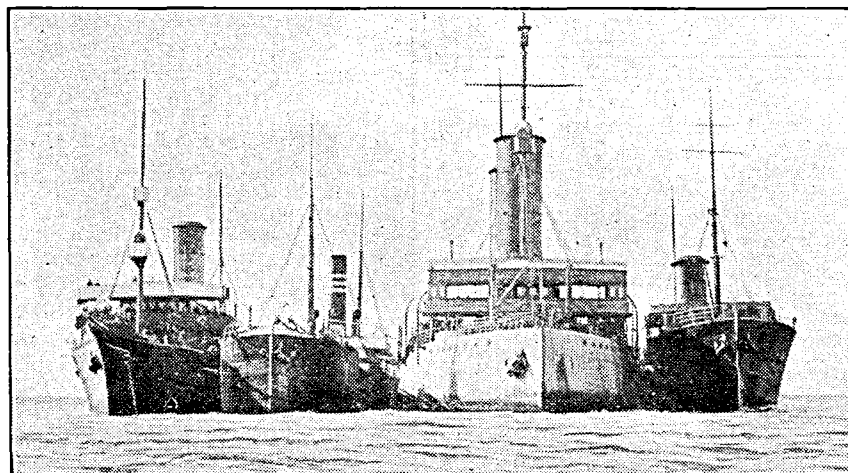
The home-made windmill on the Solovei which made electricity for wireless signals



Captain Sverdrup of the Sviatogor with the baby born on the Solovei



A stowaway from the Solovei who was rescued by the icebreaker



The Solovei, on the right, with the Sviatogor next to it, and two other ships that had also rushed to the rescue

The romantic story of the icebound vessel Solovei was told in a recent number of the C.N.

## LANCASHIRE'S PROUD MEMORY HER WREATH ON LINCOLN'S STATUE

Why Mr. Balfour Blacked His  
Own Boots in the Civil War  
SACRIFICE OF THE COTTON  
COUNTY

One of the most striking incidents attending the unveiling of the statue of Abraham Lincoln was the placing of a wreath by the cotton operatives of Lancashire.

In honouring that great man they honour their own county, too, for the loyalty of Lancashire to Abraham Lincoln brought the cotton county to temporary ruin. In order that the cause for which he fought might not perish, Lancashire faced starvation through the terrible days of the Cotton Famine.

When the Civil War broke out in America, 60 years ago, the plea of the Southern States was for the right to withdraw from the Union of States composing the Republic. Many noble men fought on their side with no thought but of Liberty, liberty to govern themselves as they would; but the liberty the South demanded was the right to continue the slavery of the negroes on the cotton plantations. That was the sole point of difference. The South was for slavery, the North was against it, though neither side had the courage at first to declare for what it fought.

#### Heroism of Suffering

The war at once affected the production of cotton. Lancashire at this time had from 400,000 to 600,000 people engaged in the cotton industry, and was paying between 15 and 16 millions a year in wages. The product of our cotton factories was 76 million pounds a year—more than the entire revenue of the United Kingdom then. Now, nearly all our cotton came from the slave-owning Southern States of America, and when war cut off the supplies there was nothing for the cotton operatives to do. Their trade, their wages, their food, were gone. There was a famine in the county recalling the famine in Egypt.

Lancashire never complained. Scores of thousands of people were out of work and pauperised, but they did not desire to relieve their own sufferings at the cost of the slaves in America. She was mute and majestic in her suffering. She stood by Lincoln and his cause.

#### Future Premier Digs Potatoes

Of course, the rest of the country came to her aid, and money and food were sent, but 500,000 people in the cotton districts were paupers. Many were the means sought to help them, and it is pleasant to remember what happened, for example, in Mr. Balfour's home. All the servants there were sent away to other occupations so that their wages might be given to the cotton operators; and the young Arthur Balfour, who was to become Prime Minister, and is happily with us still, cleaned the boots and knives and forks, and dug the cabbages and potatoes—all to help to keep the Constitution of America, with its proud boast that "all men are equal."

The North won, slavery was abolished, cotton came streaming in, and Lancashire's prosperity returned, and her cotton trade remains today our greatest industry. The operatives of our generation still cherish the fine memory of the man and the cause for which their grandparents suffered, and their wreath on Lincoln's statue celebrates not him alone, but as fine an example of collective heroism as history affords.

#### WHAT AMERICAN LABOUR THINKS

The Times has lately published some figures from America showing the result of a Labour ballot on the prohibition of alcohol in the States. Out of 526 Labour officials 345 declared prohibition a benefit, 143 not a benefit, and 38 were doubtful. So that two-thirds believe in it.



## OIL TROUBLES THE WATERS

### TRAGEDY OF THE BASS ROCK BIRDS

Life on a Great Natural Wonder of Scotland

### SAD RESULT OF A WRECK

It seems something of an irony that, whereas oil in their bodies keeps sea birds warm and comfortable, oil in the waters upon which they swim means death to them. From this unexpected turn in the tide of their lives, multitudes of birds whose nesting-place is the Bass Rock have been perishing in an oil-laden sea.

The digestive system of a sea bird extracts the maximum of oil from a diet of fish, and the flesh of these creatures is so oily as to be uneatable by men save in conditions of famine; yet oil, which calms the waters for tempest-tossed ships, brings the birds to starvation and death amid scenes of veiled plenty.

The Bass Rock is one of the natural wonders of Scotland, an upstanding relic of some tremendous outpouring from a vanished volcano. It is practically all ancient lava, of which the remainder has worn away, leaving this rocky turf-crowned seven acres of island standing out above the waters as pasturage of particularly fine sheep and a natural nursery, centuries and centuries old, of countless hosts of sea birds, especially solan geese.

### Birds Like a Snowstorm

We forget its romantic history on seeing the wonderful vision of white birds whirling about it, making the rock appear from a distance the centre of a snowstorm.

The sea birds have withstood the coming of man to their old home. They have seen saints and anchorites in lone cells in their midst. They witnessed the imprisonment and slow torture there of the pious Covenanters immured on the island by Charles II. They looked down upon one of the most astonishing things in our history—the defence of the rock, converted into a garrison by four young Jacobites and a handful of followers, on behalf of the ignoble James II. for nearly four years.

Time and tide have brought strange changes to this tiny island which arose from out the boiling depths of the earth, but though sheep took the place of soldiers on the pastures, nothing endangered the birds among the rocks. They have seemed as safe there as penguins in the Antarctic. But now a sunken ship, flung from the sea-surface to the abyss by the war, has sprung a leak and let its stores of oil slowly bubble up from below, and that to the birds is more dreadful than the war itself.

The oil clogs their feathers and makes them useless. The feathers become compressed and stiff so that the birds cannot rise out of the water, for their wings will not lift them. Even if they reach land they cannot fly to their lofty nurseries, and, if they do somehow struggle up, they cannot plane down, but must drop—to death.

The losses among adult birds have been heavy in the extreme, but what of the nestlings left upon the rocky nurseries to die by slow starvation?

## ROPE THAT SAVED A LIFE

### Scene at a Fire

A Bolton fireman, James Rogerson Mann, has received the Edward Medal from the King for heroism at a fire.

During the burning of a cotton mill, five storeys high, one of the firemen was cut off by smoke and flames, and it was Mann who saved him.

He tied a rope round his waist and climbed up by a water-pipe, handing the rope to the imperilled fireman, who descended by it. Mann descended by the water-pipe.

## DOOR MADE OF FRESH AIR

### Science Gives the Shops a Great Idea

### NOTHING UNWELCOME CAN COME IN

Shopkeepers like to keep their doors wide open because they find it helps trade. For some curious reason people are more willing to go into a shop that has its door standing open than into one where they have to push the door open.

But there are difficulties in the way of keeping an ever-open door. In summer insects and dust blow into the shop, and in winter the cold air enters like a blast from the Arctic, while at any season, if it rains or snows, the moisture blows in and makes a puddle in the shop.

Science has now overcome all these difficulties, and the enterprising shopkeeper will be able to keep his shop entrance wide open for the use of customers, while closing it by an invisible barrier to insects, dust, rain, and cold air. It is all quite simple.

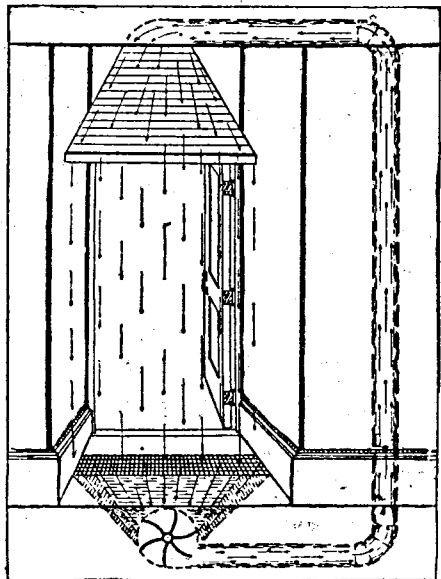
### Invisible Barrier

You may have seen a sluggish side stream running into a main channel that has a swift current, and you know how difficult it is for the water to get into the great river, because the swift current pouring by keeps the slower water from entering and mingling with the main stream.

That is exactly the principle which has been adapted to the shopkeeper's door, and our picture on this page shows how it works.

A motor-driven fan is installed beneath a grill in the entrance of the shop, and when this is working it draws air downward from the upper portion of the doorway, whence it is carried by a pipe to a hood at the top of the entrance, and then discharged downwards to be drawn through the grill again, and so on.

It has been found that with quite a moderate draught down, which is unnoticed by persons standing in the doorway, insects, rain, snow, and cold air



The open door of fresh air through which no flies can pass

can most effectively be kept from passing into the shop. The temperature inside can be raised and regulated just as though a wooden or glass door closed the entrance, and the cost of working is only about a penny an hour.

One store in America which had a trial installation fitted up found that with the ever-open door trade increased by one-third. Probably the curiosity of the scientific barrier attracted customers.

It is interesting to note that the great calm belts of the world, between the wind areas, are the places where the warm air rises perpendicularly, as in the new doorless door, and the movement is unnoticed just as it is in the door.

We quite expect to see one of the new doors at Selfridge's before very long.

## THE MERRY SIDE

### Humour in the Courts

### THE OLD BOY

The seriousness of public business is often relieved by some merry touch or some surprising incident. Here are two little things that have just happened.

A prisoner appeared in the dock in a London police-court wearing a cap. "Take off your cap!" said the magistrate; and the prisoner, who wore a man's jacket with the cap, took off the cap and revealed a wealth of hair coiled on her head. "I beg your pardon," said the magistrate; "I thought you were a man."

In the other case a discussion was taking place on the travelling expenses allowed to delegates at a Government conference, and one delegate declared that he sent in a bill for a shilling for tea, and received a reply regretting that the Government could not grant him 4s. 6d., but sending him 3s. 6d. Then this conversation took place:

One delegate: "You returned the difference, of course."

The other: "Sir, you do not understand human nature!"

Here is another little bit of merriment from the courts.

On being arrested a man said to the policeman, "I suppose we shall just be in time to see the old boy?"

Magistrate: "Meaning me, I suppose?"

Policeman: "Yes, sir!"

## THE GRAPES ARE SWEET

### Prosperity of America's Great Industry

Many people have been asking what would become of the thousands of acres of wine grapes cultivated in the United States for wine production now that America has driven out alcohol. It was predicted that the grape industry of California would be ruined, but it is more prosperous under Prohibition than it has ever been before. The grapes are sweet, not sour.

It is interesting to know that a very good use has been found for grapes, and one which we ourselves benefit by. Enormous quantities of tinned fruit are made in America and exported all over the world, and to make those fruits richer and of greater food value they are being preserved in grape syrup. Millions of gallons of unfermented grape juice will be used in this way.

## FRIEND OF LITTLE ONES

### The New Instrument for Testing Milk

The valuable instrument lately invented for detecting adulteration of milk with water is called the cryoscope.

Although milk from different sources varies somewhat in composition, the temperature at which it freezes is nearly always the same—a little lower than that at which water freezes. But if even a trace of water has been added to the milk, it will freeze at a higher temperature than if pure. The cryoscope will measure quickly and accurately the thousandth part of a degree, and thus it enables the milk analyst to detect the slightest amount of adulteration.

The value of the cryoscope is that it will help still further to ensure the lives of little children by making it easier to detect adulteration of milk, a practice unfortunately only too common.

### SCHOOL CAMP BY THE SEA

The Shaftesbury Society has established on the coast of Kent, at Loughton, not many miles from Canterbury, a school camp for 120 boys and 6 teachers.

The holiday term at the camp is a fortnight, and one of the days is always spent in visiting Canterbury.

This energetic lead in open-air education for town-bred lads has been organised at a cost of 2000 guineas.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### STRUGGLES OF THREE CONTINENTS

### Casabianca's Battle

### AFRICAN WHO BEAT ROME

- Aug. 1. Nelson's great Battle of the Nile . . . 1798
2. Hannibal defeated Romans at Cannae, B.C. 216
3. Sir Richard Arkwright died at Cromford . 1792
4. Shelley born near Horsham . . . . . 1792
5. Pilgrim Fathers set sail from Southampton 1620
6. Tennyson born at Somersby . . . . . 1809
7. Battle of Thermopylae began . . . . . B.C. 480

SINCE history was recorded attempts have been made by Europe, Asia, and Africa to conquer each other.

Thus Persians and Turks and others have attacked Europe; Greeks, Romans, and French have attacked Asia; and, from Africa, Carthaginians and Moors have invaded Europe. But the invasions have always failed, sooner or later. This week contains the anniversary of three of these attempts.

### Battle of the Nile

NELSON's total defeat of the French fleet near the mouth of the Nile, in 1798, marks the failure of Napoleon to imitate Alexander in an advance on India by land. Napoleon, wishing to dazzle the eyes of his countrymen by a glorious campaign, landed with an army in Egypt, but Nelson, finding the French war fleet anchored along the Egyptian shore, destroyed all the ships except two, and so cut off the army from France.

This was the battle in which the French boy Casabianca "stood on the burning deck" till the great flagship L'Orient exploded.

### Hannibal of Carthage

WHO has been the cleverest general in the world? Some would say Alexander, some Napoleon, but neither were as wonderful in war as Hannibal the Carthaginian, who did the greatest deeds with smallest help.

Carthage was a great commercial city of North Africa, inhabited by Phoenicians from the northern coast of Palestine. For a time Carthage ruled the sea.

Then the Carthaginians crossed to Europe and conquered Spain. From Spain Hannibal, their general, passed through Southern France, forming an army from the people he conquered. Marching over the Alps—a wonderful feat—he mastered Northern Italy and threatened Rome. When the Romans came forth to meet him he overthrew them utterly at Cannae. But he was not supported from Carthage.

Yet he clung to Italy for 15 years, though he never took Rome. His brother Hasdrubal, who tried to bring him reinforcements, was killed, and Hannibal only knew of his defeat when his head was thrown into the Carthaginian camp by the Romans.

When the Romans attacked Carthage Hannibal was sent for, but at last he, too, was defeated, and Carthage destroyed.

### Battle of the Pass

THE battle of the Pass of Thermopylae is the noblest event in the descent on Europe by the great Persian king Xerxes, or Ahasuerus, as he is called in the Bible.

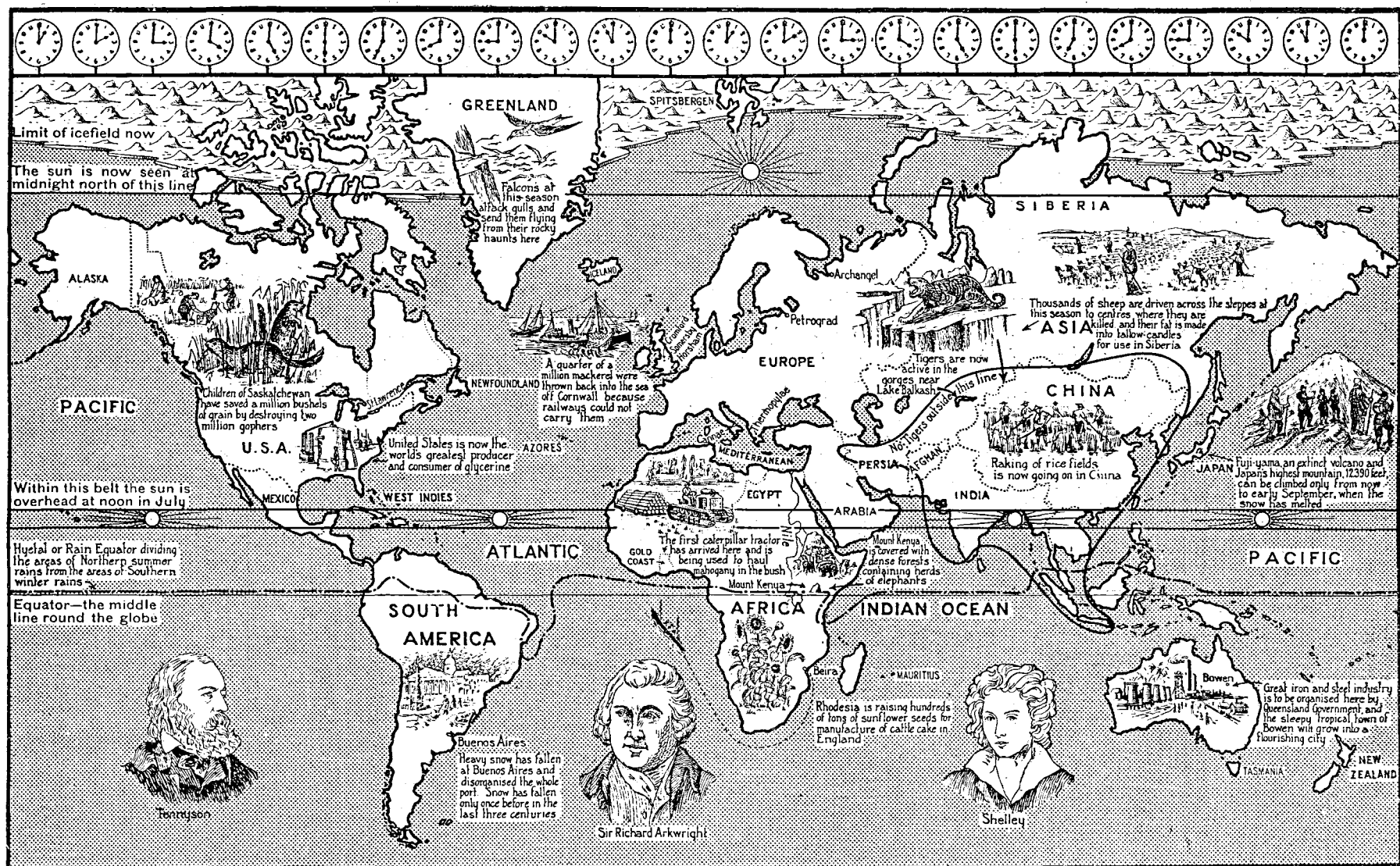
Xerxes assembled an enormous army and crossed to overwhelm the Greeks, who then were the most vigorous race in Europe. The Greeks were weakened by quarrels among themselves. But 300 Spartans, under Leonidas, met the Persian host in the narrow Pass of Thermopylae, which led from Northern to Southern Greece, and there fell fighting for their country to the last man.

This brave deed roused the Greeks to fierce resistance, and they attacked and destroyed first the Persian fleet and then the army, and so this Asiatic invasion was flung back.

The most serious invasion of Europe from Asia, that by the Turks, has lasted, though with diminishing importance, till the Peace Treaty now being arranged.



## PICTURE-NEWS &amp; TIME MAP SHOWING NATURAL EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE LATEST REVOLUTION

## How They Do It in Bolivia

A revolution has occurred in Bolivia leading to the overthrow of the Government and the transportation of its leading members beyond the frontier.

The point at issue appears to be whether a section friendly to Peru or one friendly to Chile shall be in power and carry out its policy.

The successful revolutionists favour friendly co-operation with Peru.

Revolution, as understood in the South American continent, does not mean a change in the system of government, but a change of ministers or of the predominant party, made by surprise and force instead of by election. If they do not like their governments they drive them out, and these revolutions often occur. Even when there is little or no bloodshed they do much harm, for business is a good deal upset.

## SPOILING THE MUSIC

## A Mouse in the Piano

An Essex reader confirms a recent story in the C.N. about a nest made in a piano from the tapes of the check action.

On beginning his practice my brother found six dumb notes. The tuner was sent for, and came only 24 hours later, when he found that all the notes were silent except two.

On examination he found that all the small pieces of tape in the "action" were cut away as clean as if they had been cut with scissors, and under the bass keyboard was a neat nest made with the white tapes and a little pink bag that had been hung inside the piano.

That mouse was too expensive to be left free, so we had to catch it.

## PROSPEROUS PANAMA

More ships are passing through Panama just now than ever did so before. The traffic for the past twelve months, carried in 2476 ships, was nearly ten million tons.

## LATE NEWS

## A Collision 200,000 Years Ago

We are sorry to be very late with this item of news.

The great Lick Observatory, in California, is calling to astronomers to take note of a great star-flare from a collision so far away that the burst of light now observable has been travelling, at 186,000 miles a second, for 217,120 years, and has only just arrived within view by observatory instruments.

Nova Aquila is the key name to the place where the astronomers must look for this very old conflagration.

## BOOKS FOR YOUNG CITIZENS

From the British Periodicals Publishing Company we have received three dainty volumes of the Young Citizen Series, edited by Miss Annie Matheson, and sold at half-a-crown each.

They are planned to place before young readers the lives of men and women who have served the community nobly, and whose careers will be an inspiration towards similar service.

The stories are written with a plain sincerity and in cordial admiration of the lives they tell. Miss Matheson tells the story of Elizabeth Fry, and Mr. Bertram Pickard sketches the career of John Bright.

Very welcome is the third book in this series, a rapid survey, under the title of "Our Hero of the Golden Heart," of brave lads who gave their lives in the war, about half of it being devoted to Dobbin Barnett, whose portrait as a frontispiece calls for instant sympathy.

## IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Twelve William Morris tapestries	£4600
14th century Froissart's Chronicles	£2950
Early English MS. of the Gospels	£2550
A portrait by Romney	£1900
A portrait of Louis XII.	£1000
A pair of diamond earrings	£805
Ex-Empress Eugénie's brooch	£500
A Syracusan coin	£68

## TRAVEL MADE EASIER

## In France and Switzerland

We are glad to mention that the protests widely made against the waste of money and time by travellers who wished to visit France and Switzerland, but were discouraged by the number of small payments and annoying delays, have had a good effect.

The conditions of entry and exit both in France and Switzerland have been relaxed, and made as sensible as those of Belgium, and anyone wishing to travel need not now be deterred by resentment of the quite unnecessary charges and loss of time and temper of which travellers have lately had to complain so seriously.

## FROM EARTH TO MARS

## A Light that Might be Seen

Somebody has been calculating the sort of light that might be seen from Mars if it were made on earth, and the estimate is that a light of four million million candle power might just be seen with the human eye.

If Mars had a telescope magnifying ten thousand times, a light of four hundred million candle power might be seen through it, and it is said that such a light would cost at least a thousand pounds an hour to maintain, even if it could be produced.

## A SNOW SURPRISE

## Two Storms in Three Centuries

Buenos Ayres has been amazed by a snowstorm. This is only the second snowstorm there in 300 years.

For such a strange visitation the city was quite unprepared, and as the electrical equipment was put out of order business came to a standstill.

The snowstorm became a tempest at sea, and off the coast 24 fishing boats were sunk and 20 lives were lost.

## EYE PHOTOGRAPHS

## A New Spy Dodge

The Russian Bolsheviks are said to have invented a new way of carrying secret messages through enemy lines.

The inside skin of an eggshell is pasted on glass and shaved down to the utmost thinness. Then it is sensitised and a microscopic message photographed on it.

The lid of the spy's eye is then raised, and the film of skin with the message on it is pasted on the eyeball under the lid.

It does not hurt the eye, and, being transparent, cannot be seen.

The only objection we see to all this trouble is that, seeing the spy must carry his eyes to the place where friendly eyes will read the message, why should he not carry it in his mind, and save all the trouble?

## ARMY OF GOOD HELP

## Friend of the Poor and the Widow

The Salvation Army is adding to the good work it did during the war by assisting the relatives of men who rest in French graves to visit the places where the sacrifices were made.

It is willing to make arrangements for - passports, travel, accommodation, and finding the grave for anyone, irrespective of creed, without any charge whatsoever.

All information may be obtained from Mrs. Commissioner Higgins, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4.

The Army also has a Widows' Counsellors' Department, that will help widows in such matters as pensions.

## Pronunciations in this Paper

Cannae	Kan-nee
Lagos	Lay-gos
Leonidas	Lee-on-ee-das
Powhatan	Pow-ha-tan
Thermopylae	Ther-mop-ee-lee

It is impossible to give foreign sounds exactly, but these pronunciations are very near.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 31 1920

## To Do or Not To Do?

Four precious lives have just been sacrificed by a careless smoker who threw away a lighted match in a circus.

EVERY one of us who is worth his salt thinks of the fine things that may be done while we are in this world—things of which one has a right to be proud.

In sport, adventure, travel, school, or work the world welcomes the best that each of us can do, and real achievement is dear to every honest heart.

But while doing, and winning in the doing, is so fine, there is another side we never should forget—the fear of undoing. It is quite possible, if we neglect the warning *not to do* certain things, that in a few moments we may cause more harm than all our life's work will ever pay for.

We need not dwell on the terrible tragedy noted above; but take another case not long ago, when a boy in Sweden threw a cigarette-end where some dry timber lay, and, in consequence, the town where he lived was burned down.

Whatever that boy does in all the years he may live, he will never undo or pay for the harm he did in one careless moment. *It was a loss to the world that ever he was born into it.* He remains one of the world's bad debts.

While it is a splendid thing to be inspired to do, to dare, to achieve, it is equally necessary to know what should not be done.

To boys this should appeal especially, because, by a kind of common agreement, they are excused for being mischievous. Boys will be boys, people say, and they let boys off, as far as they can, from the consequences of any amount of foolishness.

But no mild apologetic word like mischievousness will excuse a lad for doing, in thoughtlessness, or fun, or daring, anything that will do harm. We have no right to put ourselves in debt to the world by decreasing its happiness or health or wealth.

"To do or not to do?" is a question each of us should put to ourselves whenever we are not sure whether what we are asked to do is sensible and right. If the question comes swiftly to us it will steady us, and chase away the thoughtlessness that often is as harmful as wrong-doing, and we may be saved from doing harm that could never be repaired.

Of course, we must be busy; we must talk more of doing than of not doing. But if we cultivate the habit of feeling promptly what not to do we shall be left with all the more time and energy and spirit to do the good and helpful work of the world, justifying in ourselves the definition of a gentleman as "one who puts into the world's fund of usefulness more than he takes out."



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Politics

WHY are politics what they are? asks somebody. We suppose he means why are they not better than they are—purer, cleaner, saner, wiser—and the reason is probably that the people do not know what they want, and the politicians do. Wait till we grow up.

## The Home-Seekers

IT is said that large numbers of foreigners are seeking homes in England. So are many Englishmen.

## Strikes

MR. GOMPERTS, the leader of the American Labour Movement, thinks that strikes may be a blessing to society. One of those blessings in disguise, no doubt.

## Proverb of the Day



To a Time-Waster in Parliament:  
An Ape May Sit Among the Doctors

## Who Loves Our Countryside

THE glory of our countryside is one of the supreme possessions of these islands; there is nothing like it in the world. We may doubt if the motor-car, with all its splendid uses, has accomplished any greater revolution than in opening up the most glorious little country Nature ever made.

One of the loveliest pieces of it all is that through which the railway to Dover runs, the way our heroes went to France. It was the last piece of their country that hundreds of thousands of them looked upon, and it must have filled them with pride to think of this rare land of woods and lanes, of hills and dales, of fields and gardens, that they were fighting for.

A great multitude of people is now distressed to see that the rare country through which this railway runs is menaced by monstrous hoardings advertising a gramophone. It is good to know that the local authorities at Orpington have had one of these things pulled down. It measured 109 feet long by 8 feet high, and stared at thousands of people as they travelled for miles amid these lovely scenes. But near St. Mary Cray these monsters are still left standing, ugly and unsightly things, blotting out the beauty of the landscape.

Is there no public spirit, no pride in Parliament, that will make it impossible for money to buy up the beauty of England and spoil this joy for ever that Nature has built up for us?

## The Man of Vision

EVERYBODY, everywhere, is crying for a man of vision. And when they get him they will call him a fanatic.

## Not Allowed

WE must all be careful now when we go to Kew. On the gate of the Gardens is the notice, "No person allowed to enter unless decently dressed."

The odd thing is that nobody seems sure whether it is meant for tramps or for certain other people.

## Tip-Cat

A CORRESPONDENT asks how he can learn athletics by post. What he wants is a letter-box.

THE Kaiser was made ill by moving to Doorn, but what effect had it on Doorn?

SOMEBODY is thinking of presenting a brewery horse to the New York Zoo before it is too late.

A MEMBER fainted the other day in the House of Commons. We are not surprised.

A DAILY paper assures us that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour are two very different men. Really!

A CORRESPONDENT enquires whether cameras are worth their prices. The answer is in the negative.

THE Post Office will now deliver certain telegrams quickly for three times the price. It is understood that for ordinary telegrams a snail delivery is being organised.

M.P.s complain that they are working in the dark. Too many knights in the House.

## Nonsense

IT will surprise many of our readers to read in a grown-up paper that for six years American professors have been trying to solve the mystery of where flies go in the winter.

Of course it is all nonsense. There is no mystery about it at all. Flies do not live through the winter; only their eggs remain for the warm spring suns to hatch.

## To Thee I Turn

Thou who hast made Thy dwelling-fair,  
With flowers beneath, above the  
starry lights,  
And set Thine altars everywhere  
On mountain heights,  
In woodlands dim with many a dream,  
In valleys bright with springs,  
Waiting for worshippers to come to Thee  
In Thy great out-of-doors;  
To Thee I turn, to Thee I make my  
prayer,  
God of the open air.

HENRY VAN DYKE

## The Best Wins Every Time

COMPARE the slouching figure  
Outside a tavern door  
With the young form knit and  
glowing  
That swings a Cambridge oar.

COMPARE a loose-lipped waster  
Giggling at sordid wit  
With the strong-armed Eton  
batsman  
Who makes the winning hit.

COMPARE the hard-faced  
gambler,  
Gloomy of mind and soul,  
With the eager Hotspur forward  
Who shoots the winning goal.

COMPARE the ragged loafer,  
Grousing of all his ills,  
With the Boy Scout sprinting  
homeward  
From the breeze of Surrey  
hills.

COMPARE the Wrong and  
Foolish,  
Compare all Vice and Crime,  
With clean, hard, glorious effort,  
And the Best wins every time.  
H. B.

## The Love That Makes the World Go Round

By Our Country Girl in Town

SHE is young and fine-looking, and they call her Britannia because there is a stride of grandeur in all she does.

From morning to night she is hard at work, loving it, never complaining.

Three parts of the money earned by this hard work goes every week to her mother in Brighton, who is a widow, and has a very large family which she supports by working as a laundress.

They said to her once: "It would be cheaper for your mother if she lived in the country."

"Oh, a lot cheaper!" she agreed.

"Is she fond of Brighton?"

"She hates it."

"But why does she stay there?"

"Mother will never leave Brighton."

"Why not, if it would make her happier?"

For a moment Britannia made no reply. Then she said: "Happiness is not for mother. She has done with that. She will never leave Brighton."

They learned later that there was a grave there.

Britannia told them this incident. Late one afternoon her mother walked up to her husband's grave. She was standing there in the shadows when a voice cried "Mother!"

She turned round, to see her little son coming towards her through the graves, carrying a great bunch of primroses.

"It was his half-holiday," said Britannia, "and he must have tramped far into the country to get those flowers."

From most of the modern novels that are published you would not think such love as this existed in the world, but it does.



July 31, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

7

## TURNING POINT IN HISTORY BRITAIN AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

### Great Question Referred to It OUR TREATY WITH JAPAN

By Our Political Correspondent

The League of Nations, one of the three good results of the Great War—the others being the defeat of the sinister aims of Germany and the overthrow of the corrupting rule of the three Emperors—is now beginning its work of hopefulness for mankind.

Not only is the small question of the government of the Aaland Islands, in the Baltic, whether as a neutral territory, or as part of Sweden or Finland, to be fairly examined by the League, but the great question of the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty is to be considered afresh, in the light of the whole world's opinion.

The British Empire has been Japan's friend ever since Japan took her place among the great nations. Her rise as a Power was welcomed by our country.

#### Hand in Hand

But other countries have watched Japan with jealousy. Russia saw it as a barrier in the way of her ambition, and Germany resented it deeply. Great Britain, however, always extended to Japan a friendly hand, and the Island Kingdom of Asia was glad to clasp it.

The feeling of the English-speaking races beyond the seas was, however, far from cordial towards the Japanese. Australia felt herself too near to the powerful Japanese fleet for comfort; and the American Republic was uneasy also under the thought that on the waters of the Pacific, though far away, was a possible rival.

When the British and the Japanese made a treaty of mutual friendliness and possible support, the treaty was for a fixed period, and Great Britain thought it wise to consult her Dominions overseas and gain their assent to her actions. Now the treaty has come to an end. It expires this year, and the question is whether it shall be renewed.

#### Advance in Wise Government

In any case, under the agreements made in the Treaty of Peace, secret treaties must no longer be drawn up; they must be reported openly to the League of Nations for all the world to know what is arranged. What is striking in the new decision is that Great Britain and Japan are bringing their public treaty and the proposals for its renewal before the League.

From every point of view this is a great advance in the wise government of the world. It acknowledges the League of Nations as a powerful influence in the making of friendly covenants between nation and nation. It ensures that such covenants shall be looked at as they affect all countries. It puts the stamp of the world's approval on any arrangement that may be made. It ensures that the business of a government with other governments shall be open, fair, and just to all.

A time will come when this submission of a treaty between one Great Power and another Great Power to the representatives of all the Powers, meeting as the League of Nations, will be noted as a turning point in history.

#### NOT WORKING

"Have you ever seen him working there?" a barrister asked a witness in Bow County Court. "No, nor anywhere else," was the answer. "He is a pub prop."

## THE TREE THAT HANGS OVER THE GARDEN

Most of us act on the belief that if trees from an adjoining property overhang our garden we are entitled to pick the fruit growing on intruding boughs.

Now comes an interesting case concerning the tree that overhangs a fence. Between two fields in Derbyshire stands a yew tree—that is to say, while the trunk, the roots, and half the boughs are in one field, the remaining half of the crown of the tree overhangs the next meadow. Ordinarily the yew tree, though poisonous, is inoffensive, for its boughs and foliage are too high for cattle or horses to reach.

There came a snowstorm, and the weight of the snow caused the branches to droop in the second field, and the cattle in that field cropped the fatal

growth. The result was that two heifers died from the effects of the poisonous food, and now the judge has awarded £50 and costs to the man who lost his cattle.

If we have poisonous growths upon our land which even so unexpected a cause as a load of snow may render dangerous to another man's animals, it is our duty to take all necessary precautions, or we must pay the penalty.

We do well to learn our laws, for a man's life may hang on a technicality. What novelist would think of such a distinction as this, for example: If a person wrongfully shoots at a tame duck, and accidentally kills a man, the offence is murder; but it is not murder if the duck is a wild one. Yet that is the law of the land.

## WORK FOR THE JAMBOREE BOYS



The Boy Scouts have to be prepared to go anywhere and do anything at a moment's notice. Our artist has suggested some tasks which may tax even their ingenuity

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Nearly twelve hundred million sandbags were ordered by the Ministry of Munitions during the war.

The city of Nottingham has a farm of its own, and it is evidently doing well. The profits last year were over £6000.

#### The Ninety-Thousandth

The ninety-thousandth child admitted to Barnardo's Homes is a little baby a few months old. No homeless child has ever been refused admission.

#### Motor-Car Over a Cliff

A motor-car, running backwards down a steep hill at Folkestone, fell over a cliff 80 feet high, but the driver escaped very little hurt.

#### Monsters of the Sea

A skate nearly eleven feet long, weighing over two cwts., has been caught off Folkestone; and a lobster 30 inches long, weighing ten pounds, has been caught near Dover breakwater.

#### The Antelope

A tiny antelope, no bigger than a toy, with horns only an inch long, as sharp as tin-tacks, and hoofs no bigger than a thumb-nail, has just been taken from Africa to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, in the United States.

A fox terrier lately sent to Gloucester from Helston, in Cornwall, found its way home again in a week.

More than a thousand people have been using the new airways from London to the Continent the last seven weeks.

#### Man Who Will Not Pay

A judge in a London court the other day declared that he knows a millionaire who always insists on being summoned before he pays for anything.

#### Waiting for a Chance of Life

There are nearly a thousand people waiting at this moment for the chance of life a bed in a London hospital will give them.

#### Mouse Friends

A Norwood reader, who has two white mice as pets, says that whenever food is put into the cage the mouse which first finds it will not touch it till he has told the other.

#### The Time

A witness in a London police court the other day, who, when questioned, was not able to fix a time, said: "I can't remember what time it was, but the public houses must have been shut or he would not have been there."

## KING STINNES MAN BEHIND GERMANY Little-Known Prussian Steps into the Limelight HIS WONDERFUL RISE TO POWER

Throughout history, everywhere, there have been men behind the scenes who have been doing far more to shape the life of the world than those who occupy the stage as the show figures.

Kaisers and tsars and presidents and kings have rarely been the men who really mattered, though often they have pretended they were making the world's wheels go round.

We have lately been shown the most powerful man in Germany. He has stepped into the limelight. He is a Prussian, and his name is Hugo Stinnes.

Two years ago nobody had heard of Hugo Stinnes, but he was hard at work behind the scenes, doing the things that were making Germany seem strong, but were really causing her to be hated as a nation that cared for nothing except strength.

#### Men Who Ruin Nations

Before the war Germany had made great progress at sea, in which the theatrical Kaiser gloried as if he had helped. Really it was a quiet little Jew named Ballin who built up German trade by sea.

Now the German land man, controlling her trade more than any other man, is this Hugo Stinnes; and, by all accounts, he is just one of those strong, confident, reckless men who ruin nations while they think they are strengthening them.

Stinnes is a Prussian of middle-age—black-haired, pale-faced, very shabbily dressed, haughty in manner, but all astir with energy, bold, reckless, self-confident, and very wealthy; for he has been the most successful of all the Germans who have profited by the war's calamities.

#### Germany's Coal King

His influence is built up on coal. He has seen that underneath all modern activities lies—coal. To get command of coal everywhere has been his aim, as owner, coal-getter, and coal merchant.

Before the war he had coal interests in Germany, in France, in Belgium, in Luxembourg, and even in England, and the war added immensely to his power in his own country, for Germany could not go on without him.

From coal he passed on to command other forms of wealth and influence. After coal came iron and steel, and in the iron and steel industries of his country he seeks a widening mastery. Then there is shipping, and the rich German forests are another source of power; for through them paper may be controlled, and whoever controls paper has the Press in the hollow of his hand. It is significant that Herr Stinnes now owns 70 German newspapers in all parts of the land.

#### Dark, Powerful Man

Further, all this varied business is linked up at every turn with banking, and in the banking world he speaks with authority. How small is the real power of a prancing, posturing, talking Kaiser compared with the grasp of all forms of human activity held by a man like this!

And it is said now that it was Stinnes who urged the destruction of the French mines, which Germany has to pay for, and the carrying away of Belgian men and women into captivity to work by forced labour for their enemies.

A dark, powerful, sinister man, this new apparition on the world's stage! What will Germany do with him—or what will he do with Germany?



## TALE OF 22 RINGS

### Sad Sight in a Bird's Nest

#### THE FALCON AND ITS SECRETS

A climber has been peeping into the home of a peregrine falcon in Lakeland, and telling tales of what he saw.

In the eyrie were 22 rings. Owners of jewellery need not raise their hands in alarm, nor cardinals either—remembering what the jackdaw of Rheims did with a cardinal's ring. The treasures of the falcon's nest were not finger-rings: they were rings which once encircled the legs of 22 pigeons.

"Racing pigeons," say the newspapers, suggesting that the birds were highly trained and valuable. But thousands of pigeons are ringed which are not even of racing breed. What their presence in the nest of a peregrine means we know; the falcon had eaten the pigeons!

#### Bold Flier

"Destroy the last of the falcons," we can imagine pigeon-fanciers saying. Well, on the day of the revelation of the contents of the eyrie, another strange item appeared in the papers. Mortar fell down the inside of a Willesden chimney, and brought with it and killed—a racing pigeon. Shall we therefore say, "Away with the chimneys"? There is a place for pigeons, there is a place for falcons, and there is a place for chimneys, and of the three groups the poor falcon is allowed the least space and least secure hold on life.

The peregrine falcon is one of the grandest creatures in the world of birds, one of the noblest, swiftest fliers, one of the boldest, bravest creatures that ever took the air. It ought to be the emblem of British airmen, for it seems able to outfly almost anything that has wings, and will successfully attack even larger quarry than itself. Its home is among lovely towering rocks, such as we find on our rugged coasts and in Lakeland. What if it now and then takes a pigeon? How long have those 22 tell-tale rings been collecting?

#### Shakespeare's Irony

Gamekeepers have no cause to complain. They wage war against jays and magpies as pilferers of eggs, and so does the peregrine. A real plague in the country today is the wood-pigeon, a feathered glutton which is now in such numbers as to be a nuisance to us. The peregrine falcon, given his chance, will thin their numbers.

This falcon will also take a partridge. Well, men with guns kill hundreds upon hundreds of partridges in one big "shoot." Overcrowding among partridges leads to disease and weakening of the species. The falcon kills to live, and he can check overcrowding among birds. The falcon was one of Shakespeare's favourites, and as a supreme irony he puts it into an impossible metaphor:

A falcon towering in her pride of place  
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

A falcon can strike a kestrel down, so he need fear no owl. He is one of Nature's glories left to us, and his numbers are few. Let him have peace—and a pigeon now and then, if he must!

#### A RARE SURPRISE

##### Crocodile in the Dustbin

A dustman in Paris has had a rare surprise.

Going about his duties the other day he was approaching a dustbin when a crocodile peered out at him. The man fled in terror, but soon recovered his spirits and returned with a comrade to investigate.

It was indeed a crocodile that he had seen—a stray reptile that had crept out of a neighbouring menagerie and hidden itself in the dustbin.

## John Smith at the Jamboree

### WHY THE CHIEF SCOUT LOVES HIM

#### The Splendid Man Who Followed Raleigh and Sowed the Seeds of the Empire

##### THROUGH WRECKS AND WARS AND SLAVERY TO EVERLASTING FAME

The hero of the Boy Scout Jamboree at Olympia is our friend the Chief Scout. The hero of the Chief Scout is our great John Smith, whose life-story is told in the Scout pageant.

John Smith lived in the days of Raleigh and Drake, and laid well one of the first foundation stones of the British Empire. He lies not many yards from the Editor's window—in St. Sepulchre's Church, looking down Old Bailey. The church door is too often shut against the world, but we hope our Scouts will knock at it so hard that it will swing on its hinges and the spirit of John Smith will rise and live again in all of us.

John Smith was a Lincolnshire farmer's son, born at Willoughby in 1580. He came into England in her most heroic age, when the island was battling for her very life. He saw the beacon fires that announced the coming of the Spanish Armada; he heard the stories that his uncle told of Francis Drake, with whom he fought.

And so, even while he was at school at Alford and Louth, his imagination always heard the sea a-calling; and at 13 he sold his books and satchel to get money to take him to sea. Misfortune after misfortune befell him. He was wrecked at sea and robbed on land; he found himself starving and in rags; he fell into a river and was almost drowned; he was thrown overboard by a boatful of superstitious people. He went out to fight the Turks, and there, at the siege of Limbach, he distinguished himself by a feat of which any Boy Scout would now be proud. The town was cut off by 20,000 Turks, and it was John Smith who saved it by signalling with flaming torches in a sort of Morse code, two centuries before Morse was born.

#### To Follow Drake and Raleigh

Astonishing were the adventures of John Smith among the Turks, but really he hated war and would fight only in great causes, and what we love him for is his dauntless courage, his splendid honesty, and his love of his own country.

He had been through all these adventures when at last he was picked up for dead on a battlefield, wearing rich armour which suggested the possibility of ransom, and led to his being sold into slavery and marched to Constantinople. After astounding experiences there, and on his way home, behold him once more in England with an unparalleled record of adventure behind him, tired of war, but aglow with ambition to follow Drake and Raleigh, and yet, even yet, but 24 years old!

#### The Indomitable John

His great adventure now was to join the expedition for peopling Raleigh's colony of Virginia, the land which up to then had sent its English colonists to the grave or home again in ruin. He staked his life in this enterprise, sailing with a hundred men, mostly ne'er-do-wells and thriftless sons of needy gentlemen, under a captain who carried sealed orders as to how the government should be formed on their arrival.

The voyage was long and slow, and Smith's voice was soon raised in protest against the waste of time and food; so the others clapped him into

chains, and erected a gallows, on which they would have hanged him if they dared, but when the sealed orders were opened, lo! this indomitable John Smith was found to be named as one of the council.

Plague and famine fell upon them, and Smith was stricken with the rest, but as soon as he recovered he set to work to save the colony. John made the rest fell trees and build houses and defences, while he did the buying, storing, toiling, adventuring, urging on—a giant among dwarfs.

#### Giant Among Dwarfs

It was too late for a corn harvest, so he risked his life for the remainder by going among the treacherous Indians to exchange goods for food. Everything was left to him; none but he had energy, courage, and initiative. The betrayal of his instructions by his craven crew led to his capture far up the bay, and for several weeks he was in hourly danger of torture and death.

Finally he was handed over by one petty king to a superior king, Powhatan. This king had a daughter, Princess Pocahontas, then about 15. Her heart went out in love and pity to the handsome pale-face, and, when Powhatan gave orders that John's brains should be dashed out with clubs upon a stone, Pocahontas darted forward and flung her arms so fast around the Englishman's neck that they could not drag her away. Her entreaties saved our hero's life. She was the good angel of Virginia, and John Smith was to her as a god.

#### Pocahontas

When he came to leave Virginia his enemies told the Indian princess he was dead, and, almost broken-hearted, she married a colonist named John Rolfe. With him she came to England, and it is said that when she met John Smith again the outburst of emotion broke her heart. She stayed over here and developed consumption, and in March, 1617, this sweet Red Indian princess was laid to rest in Gravesend Church.

Her son went back to Virginia, where he married, becoming the father of children whose descendants live still. One is President Wilson's wife.

Never did any enterprise depend upon one man more utterly than the fate of this colony depended on John Smith. He inspired the colonists; he made them plant and build; he extended the boundaries of the settlement, he built up a system of trade. He made his colonists work, or if they did not work he kept food from them; he made profane men decent in their speech by pouring cold water up their sleeves for every bad word they used.

Continued in the next column

## HIS LITTLE ONE

### A War Story that Has Not Been Told

#### THE SHEPHERD'S HOME-COMING

By a Correspondent on the Moors

For a long time I used to watch this young shepherd without knowing anything about him. What first attracted my interest in him was his invariable companion, a child just beginning to feel comfortable with his toddling feet.

Sometimes you see this brown-faced child seated on the shoulders of the young shepherd, sometimes he is holding the shepherd's hand and following in the dust of a flock of sheep, with great curly-haired dogs leaping and barking at his side. The picture is very attractive. For there is nothing picturesque or sentimental about the young shepherd. On the contrary, he is a robust and vigorous figure, with rather a scowl in his eyes, and never once have I seen a smile on his lips. Yet the child loves him, and apparently the shepherd would not willingly go up to the moors without the companionship of the child.

Yesterday I saw him go by, hot, tired, and dusty, with the child on his shoulder. It was in the evening, and he had been far afield in a wild country of hills, so that the weight of the child on his shoulder must have been burdensome.

I said to the neighbour who was talking to me:

"Who is that shepherd? I see him every day, but I have never spoken to him, and do not know even his name."

The neighbour said:

"Ah, that's a tragedy right enough," and told me the man's name.

The sound of that name made me start, for I had heard the story many weeks ago but had never connected it with this man. This is the story.

He fought through the war, hating it, always longing to be back in the dale. He came home once, and that made the trenches more terrible than ever. His child was born just before the war ended. He was kept abroad for months after the victory of the Allies. It was torture to him, for he longed to see his child and to greet his young wife, who was dearer to him than the whole world.

But his wife was suddenly taken ill, and the sad letter with the news never reached him.

He came home eagerly and gladly, to find that his wife had been dead for some weeks. There was nothing left of his world but the sheep on the moors and a child in the cradle.

Continued from the previous column

It was our first colony, and it was a model for all time, busy, thriving, and happy. But his enemies went to and fro in the ships, and poisoned the minds of the company in London against him, so that a new president was sent out, and Captain Smith, the first successful governor of the first successful British colony, returned home, like Columbus, in disgrace.

But at home he found himself more hero than victim, and he lived to spend his last days in peace, writing and preaching the gospel of a new and greater England overseas, and preparing the way, before he died in London on June 21, 1631, for the men of the Mayflower and the beginning of the United States.

Was he not a hero for Scouts, a hero for us all? He left no children; but his soul goes marching on.



## THE WEEK IN NATURE

The Cuckoo Flies South  
SCRIBBLING LARK STILL NESTING

By Our Country Correspondent

**August 1.** Although the nesting season is now over for most birds a few will still be found sitting on their eggs or hatching out a young family. Among these are the bullfinch, the yellow hammer, and the house martin. The male yellow hammer is one of our handsomest British birds, and the curious markings on the hen bird's eggs have led to its being named the scribbling lark.

**August 2.** The chuckling song of the linnet is gradually ceasing, but, although this bird migrates to a certain extent, some linnets always remain through the winter. The linnet is one of the gentlest of all our wild birds.

**August 3.** Several of the skipper butterflies are now on the wing, the last to come out of the chrysalis stage being the pearl skipper, common in the southern and Midland counties of England.

**August 4.** The ring-dove, or wood pigeon, is now laying for the second time, and when the young are hatched they will be fed, like all the doves, on a curdy kind of secretion which the parents produce in the crop. This has given rise to the expression "pigeon's milk."

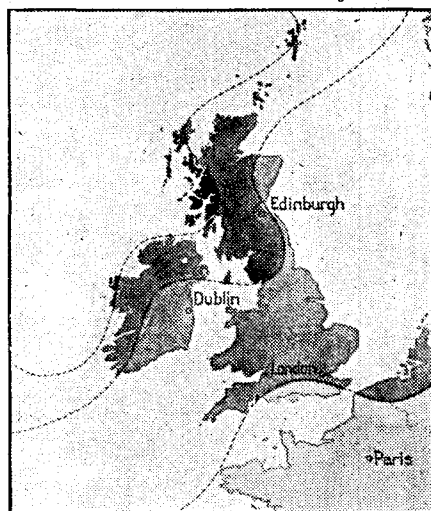
**August 5.** The last swifts are now leaving us for the sunny south. They are often mistaken for large dark swallows, and we almost invariably see them on the wing, when their appearance has been likened to a short-handled pickaxe. Although so like swallows they are not really near relatives at all, being far more closely allied to cuckoos and kingfishers.

**August 6.** The older cuckoos have now taken their leave for the winter, and are on their way to South Africa, while the young birds will be following almost immediately. The note of the cuckoo is the most easily recognised of all birds, and yet it is surprising how few people have seen a cuckoo.

**August 7.** The various terns are now working their way down our coasts in readiness for their flight to southern climes. The migration of the Arctic tern is one of the most astonishing facts in natural history, for, though it breeds abundantly in the Arctic regions, it flies away as far south as New Zealand.

## C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Cloudiest Areas in July



On this map the degree of cloudiness is shown by the darkness of the tint

## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Make a small sowing of turnips of a hardy sort for spring use. Sow onion seed both for standing the winter and for drawing young.

Earth up the early crops of celery as they advance, taking care to keep the hearts of the plants free from soil, and apply lime for slugs and attend to watering.

Suckers should be closely removed from the tops of the roots of celeriac. Layer border carnations, and transplant all seedlings of herbaceous plants that were sown last month. Cuttings of pentstemons, antirrhinums, and some of the phloxes may also be taken.

HOW A GREAT CAUSE  
WAS BEATENA Bad Day for Parliament  
WRECK OF THE PLUMAGE BILL

The killing in the British Parliament of the Plumage Bill for preventing the cruel slaughter of beautiful birds is, perhaps, the worst disgrace that has fallen on Parliament in recent times.

The Bill has passed the House of Lords, and is supported in the Commons by an enormous majority. In its favour are the whole of the public who know the facts about the horrible trade in decorative feathers that is endangering the bird-life of the world, and all the scientific men who have studied the question. Against it are a small number of people engaged in a barbarous business.

The Bill is a short one of 52 lines, and there is no reason why it should not have passed quickly through the committee stage, as all parties were heartily in its favour. The opponents knew they had no chance of defeating it by argument. Their only hope was to obstruct it until no time was left to pass it through the House, and that is what they have succeeded in doing.

## Private Interest Against Parliament

Their plan was, first, to propose more amendments than could possibly be considered in the time at the disposal of the Committee; and, second, to prevent, if possible, meetings of the Committee.

In carrying out the first part of the plan they put down 107 amendments—more than two amendments to each line. Then, when they had wearied the Committee with the work, they arranged to intercept the attendance of members so that a quorum might not be present, and so the sitting would have to be adjourned. Eight times they succeeded in doing this, till the Bill lost its place in the business programme of Parliament, and was put back at the end of the things that remain to be done.

Here, then, we see a little knot of Members of Parliament serving the private interest of a small group of trading people, and succeeding in defeating the wise and just aims of a vast majority of the House and of the people who elect the House. They boasted they would do this, and they have succeeded in doing it.

On them rests a large share of responsibility for the continuance of horrible cruelty to the bird-life of nearly the whole of the world.

## LIBERTY BELL

## Can Its Crack be Mended?

In Philadelphia there is a bell known as the "Old Liberty Bell," because it rang from the steeple of the State House of Pennsylvania to call the Assembly together in 1753, proclaimed victories during the War of Independence, and led the rejoicings when the Republic was established.

For many years the bell has been cracked, and rings no more. The last time it tolled was in 1835 at the funeral of an American Chief Justice.

Can its crack be cured? is the question Philadelphia is asking, and engineers think it may be welded by electricity.

Metallurgists point out that the metal of which the bell is composed is fatigued. The iron is tired, that is to say. It has lost its tone through slow decay of the material, apart from the crack.

But electricity now performs wonders with metal, and a double experiment is likely to be tried. First, it is hoped that a new metallic life may be transfused into the material of the bell, and, second, that the crack may be electrically welded, and thus that the Old Liberty Bell may not only live without degeneration and decay, but may speak again with its long-lost resonance.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

## Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

## Does a Bat Lay Eggs?

All life arises from an egg, but in the bat, as in all other mammals, the egg hatches within the parental body.

## Where is the Polar Bear Found?

Only in the Arctic regions, not in the Antarctic. There are no land mammals of any sort in the southern Polar regions.

## How Long Do Frogs Live?

It is difficult to say with certainty, but undoubtedly several years. The writer knew one, already full grown, for four years, and fed it nightly during two summers. It would come boldly to him out of the dense foliage of the conservatory in which it lived.

## Do Bumble Bees Make Honey?

Yes. Some is placed with pollen in each cell by the queen mother as she deposits the egg. Later, as workers are hatched, special receptacles of wax are built in the nest, some for pollen, some for honey. But they are not sealed down, as in a hive; they are the open larder of all the occupants.

## How Does the Milk Get Into the Coconut?

The so-called milk is a juice formed by the tissues of the nut in the course of growth. We find juices surrounding the kernels of stones in fruit, and every berry, and indeed practically all fruit, is rich in these fluids. The flesh of the coconut is heavily charged with oil, an increasingly important product.

## How Do Moths Differ from Butterflies?

The safest sign is that a butterfly's antennae, or "feelers," are rounded or knobbed at the tips, while a moth's antennae taper.

Most moths, but by no means all, fly by night, butterflies by day; and in general butterflies are much brighter in colour than the moths. But there are exceptions to all these rules, and identification by an expert is the only sure guide for the young student.

## Do Small Birds and Beasts Die of Old Age?

Old age, and disease resulting from the shortage of food or inability to digest it, account for the death of powerful animals and birds of prey; but, of the smaller ones, myriads never reach old age.

Stronger enemies, epidemics, inclement weather, and other natural checks are responsible every year for immense destruction of life. But for such barriers to multiplication the earth would soon be overrun by hosts of life too great to support, and world-wide destruction of species would result.

## Can a Fish Hear?

Many experiments have been made to answer this seemingly simple question, but the answer is still doubtful. They have ears, but these may serve as balancing organs; as they do, in part, in human beings.

They are generally, but not always, sensitive to noises sharp or loud enough to send vibrations through the water; but whether they hear, or feel them through the medium of the ear, of the air-bladder, or of sense-organs in the skin, it is not yet possible to say. But some fishes have vocal organs and voices!

## Where are the Petals of the Anemone?

The petal-like structures of the wood-anemone are not really true petals. Colour, perfume, and nectar of flowers are baits for insects, which, upon leaving the bloom, carry from it pollen with which to fertilise the next flower of the same sort.

The perfect flower has both sepals and petals, but the wood anemone has managed to develop a colour in its sepals and so attract insects without true petals. It belongs to the same group as the buttercup, an order in which extraordinary differences in the methods of attracting insects are observed.

## LIGHT OF STARS

HOW BRIGHT IS THE  
NIGHT SKY?Mapping the Heavens Into  
Squares

## THE LITTLE DISC OF OPAL

By a Scientific Correspondent

It might seem a simple business to estimate how much light comes from the starry sky at night, but it has occupied modern astronomers a long time, and with all the carefulness of their methods they find it difficult to arrive at an agreement about the exact quantity.

But a new attempt has been made by an astronomer, Mr. Van Rhyn, at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California, who had experience with other astronomers at Groningen, in Holland, where our surrendered prisoners of the Naval Brigade were interned. The way in which it is done is roughly as follows.

The night sky is divided up into squares, though that portion of it over which the Milky Way stretches is not included. Then a kind of circular disc—with a circle cut out of its centre, so that it is shaped like a capital O with a small o in the middle—is held up against one or other of these squares, and a very faint light is thrown on the disc. The quantity of this light is exactly known.

## Lighted Disc that Disappears

When the dimly-illuminated disc disappears, while held up against the background of the sky, the astronomer knows that the brightness of the patch of sky is exactly the same as the brightness of the disc, which he is able to estimate to the hundred-thousandth of a candle-power.

The brightness of stars is calculated in something the same way, except that for this comparison a tiny disc of opal glass is faintly illuminated, and is then removed farther and farther away from the observer till it appears as of just the same brightness as the star which is being observed.

That is how Mr. Van Rhyn and his colleagues estimated the brightness of the night sky; and they found out also that, besides the starlight, there are always two other kinds of light in the sky, one of which is a reflected earth-light, and the other, perhaps, a perpetual electric glow, like those Northern Lights we call the Aurora Borealis.

## Brightest Star in the East

In the result the astronomers came to the conclusion that the light of all the stars together is equal to no more than that of 14,400 very bright stars—the stars whose brightness is said to be of the first magnitude. You can easily find a star of the first magnitude on any starry night, though there are not many of them visible at this time of year, or, indeed, at any time. The star Vega, the brightest in the Eastern sky, is of the first magnitude, and when Venus—which is not a star, but a planet—appears she is a little brighter than first magnitude.

A thousand stars as bright as Venus would equal the light from all the rest.

But perhaps a better comparison is with the Moon. The full Moon is equal to 140,000 stars of the first magnitude in brightness, and therefore gives about a thousand times as much light as all the stars put together.

## BIRD CALLS FOR HELP AND GETS IT

A reader, who describes herself as "a Scotch octogenarian," sends this account of how she saw a bird call on its companions for help.

A pair of starlings were rearing their family in an empty pigeon-house, and to prevent the entrance of bigger birds the door had been narrowed.

One day a big pigeon appeared, and began to pull something out of the narrowed entrance. From inside a starling darted over the pigeon's head, and was swiftly lost to view.

In a short time it was back with four other starlings, who attacked the pigeon so that it flew away and never troubled the starlings' home again.



# THE MYSTERY MAN

A Thrilling Tale of Play and Adventure at Claycroft School : : Told by T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 19

### A Circus Feat

"CAN'T stop it!" panted Paddy. He and Nettles were racing together in pursuit of the flying trap. "You wait! I'll bet Tom has a thrick or two up his sleeve!" By this time Joey was half-way down the street, and right in the middle of it. He was heading straight for the bridge. The bridge was the danger point, and Nettles's heart was in his mouth as he thought of the desperate nature of the peril. Travelling at this furious pace, there was not one chance in a million of the cart's getting over that narrow, humped arch in safety. It was certain to hit the low parapet on one side or the other, in which case a wheel would be wrenched off, and Mrs. Colston and her crippled daughter either dashed against the wall, or flung right over into the river below.

There were others running besides the boys. The circus procession was forgotten, and one of the circus riders was trying hard to overtake Joey.

"I told ye so! See!" gasped Paddy as he ran.

Tom Cosby had gained his feet again, and was standing in the cart. He was going over the front of it. They watched him balance himself, then spring forward. How he did it no one could tell, but next moment there he was, astride of the flying pony, and reaching for the broken rein.

"He'll never do it!" muttered Nettles thickly. "He'll go over. He'll be killed!"

His heart almost stopped beating as he saw Tom flat on the cob's neck, reaching out with his left hand.

"He will!" cried Paddy breathlessly. "He has! Will ye look? Oh—fine, Tom! Fine!"

He was right. Somehow Tom had got hold of that flying end of broken rein. They saw him wriggle back, pulling with all his might. How he kept his balance was a miracle, yet he did. For a moment the strain hardly told, for Joey had the bit fast in those strong teeth of his. But Tom, for a mere boy, was extraordinarily powerful, and he was using all his strength. The runaway began to slow. The furious gallop slackened to a canter, then to a trot. Just as the circus man got clear of the crowd and, coming clattering past, drew up on the bridge, Joey, too, came to a stop.

"Hurray! Hurray for you, Tom!" croaked Nettles, still running.

The crowd behind broke into a wild cheer, and as Tom slid off Joey's back Mrs. Colston and Grace alighted.

"That was very well done," said Mrs. Colston, grasping Tom by the hands; and, quietly as she spoke, her voice was not quite steady. "You saved Grace, Cosby. I shall never forget it."

Tom's face was red as fire. He looked as if he would like to sink into the ground. He mumbled something quite inaudible.

By this time the people were all around him.

"Well done, my boy!" exclaimed a big, handsome man in riding breeches and gaiters. "Never saw a smarter bit of work in all my days!"

"It's Lord Liston," said someone close to Nettles.

On hearing this Nettles marched straight up to the big man.

"I want to speak to you, my lord," he said.

Liston turned in amazement and gazed at the smart, well-set-up youngster.

"Want to speak to me?" he repeated, in evident astonishment.

"Yes, about that boy who stopped the pony," went on Nettles, rather breathlessly. "He—he's my chum. His name's Cosby. He's the son of a fisherman. Just because he's that, they're going to turn him out of the school. You're a governor of Claycroft, sir. Can't you stop it?"

"Turn that boy out of the school!" roared Liston. "Why, they must be mad! Who wants to turn him out?"

"Some of the chaps who think he isn't good enough for them to associate with," replied Nettles bitterly.

"Young snobs!" ejaculated his lordship, now really angry. "But they shan't do it! You leave it to me, my lad. I'll make it my personal business, and don't you forget it. What's your name?"

"Netley, my lord."

"Burton Netley's son?"

"Yes."

"I know your father well. Remember me to him when you write. And take it from me that, whoever leaves the school, it won't be Cosby."

"Thank you," said Nettles; and his eyes were shining.

Next moment Paddy was squeezing his arm.

"Tis a brick ye are, Nettles!" he whispered delightedly. "But didn't I tell ye not to worry—that something would happen?"

"Tom's safe. That's the great thing," said Nettles. "Hullo, there he goes! He's going to take Joey back."

Someone in the crowd had produced a length of rope to take the place of the broken rein, and Tom had made all ship-shape, and was now driving off back to the school. The crowd gave him a parting cheer as he went.

Nettles noticed with great satisfaction that Lord Liston was talking to Mrs. Colston. He could guess what it was about.

Paddy dragged him away.

"We'll be late for the circus," he insisted.

"Bother the circus!" said Nettles. "I've had all the circus I want already."

They made their way to the huge tent.

The circus was quite a good show, and Paddy enjoyed every moment of it. Nettles, however, was rather absent-minded. The fact was he was wondering how Lord Liston would handle Tom's business. He didn't quite see how he was going to stop Mansford and his precious crew from leaving the school.

## CHAPTER 20

### The Tide Turns

WHEN they got back they found Tom busy splicing a bat. He was rather silent. In fact, they couldn't get a word out of him except that "Coaly had been jolly decent."

Later, when the three went to tea together as usual, Earle came up behind them and smote Tom on the shoulder.

"That was a jolly good bit of work, Cosby," said Earle. "And there's more than the Head who are grateful to you for saving Grace and her mother."

He walked into the dining hall with them, a great honour, for Sixth Form boys do not as a rule chum up with youngsters in the lower forms. But Earle, as Nettles knew, had done it on purpose. The whole school saw it, and many were the friendly looks which Tom got. In fact, everyone looked pleased except Mansford's lot; and they were careful to keep their mouths very close shut.

After tea, when they were going out, something else happened. A boy called Heighton, who had been one of Mansford's circle, came up to

Tom. He was rather red and much embarrassed.

"I—I say, Cosby," he stammered, "I—I've been a pig to you. I—I'm beastly sorry."

"That's all right, Heighton," answered Tom.

"It—it isn't. I'd asked my father to take me away."

Tom's eyes widened.

"Shut up, you ass," hissed Nettles.

But the fat was in the fire. "I want to know," said Tom curtly.

Heighton looked wildly at Nettles.

"Oh, go on!" said Nettles sharply. "You've done it now."

"Well, I'm not going," burst out Heighton. "I've written to my father this afternoon, and told him what an ass I was."

And, leaving Tom in a state of blank bewilderment, he bolted.

"What's he talking about?" demanded Tom.

There was nothing for it but to explain; and Nettles, anything but blessing Heighton for his foolishness, was forced to do so.

Tom went rather white.

"You see it was all a mistake my coming here," he said quietly. "I'll just have to shift off and not give anyone any more trouble."

Paddy cut in. "Tom, I called ye a coward the other day. Do ye want me to do it again?"

Tom took no offence.

"It's not that, Paddy," he said earnestly. "But I've brought nothing but trouble on you since I was here. I'll just go to the Head and save him trouble by telling him I'll go."

"You idiot!" burst out Paddy; but Nettles checked him. "Let him go if he wants to," he said coolly, and Paddy caught a wink which made him suddenly silent.

"The Doctor will talk to him," said Nettles, as Tom strode off.

Apparently he did, for Tom was curiously subdued when he came back. But he did not volunteer any particulars of what had happened, and Nettles and Paddy were content to let it go at that.

One morning, about a week later, a notice appeared on the school board signed by Dr. Colston, requesting the whole school to meet in the big schoolroom at half-past twelve. Big meetings of this sort were rare, and everyone was asking everyone else what was up, but no one seemed to know.

Sharp at half-past twelve in came Dr. Colston in gown and mortar-board. With him was a big man in tweeds, and behind came all the rest of the masters and several of the local people.

Nettles nudged Paddy. "That's Lord Liston with the Head," he whispered. "And Captain Gunn, too. Do you see him?"

The Doctor took his seat, and rapped for silence. Then he got up.

"Boys," he said in his big, deep voice, "I have asked you here today on a particularly pleasant occasion. It is to make a presentation to one of our number who, though the newest boy in the school, has proved himself worthy of the best traditions of our old foundation. This boy, by pluck and presence of mind of a rare order, has been the means, under Providence, of saving two lives inexpressibly dear to me." He paused a moment. His deep voice had become suddenly husky.

The silence was complete.

"I need not tell you to whom I refer," he went on, "or to what I refer. Most of you saw Cosby's feat, and are as proud of it as I am."

A roar of cheers made the rafters ring. As for Tom, he looked as if he would like to sink through the floor.

The Doctor made a gesture, and the cheering died to silence.

"Before I sit down I have to speak of something less pleasant. It has come to my knowledge that certain boys, I will mention no names, object to the presence of young Cosby, because he is the son

of a fisherman and has helped his father to earn his living with his own hands."

The silence became ominous. Many glances rested on Mansford. They were not friendly looks.

"Now, I wish to say," continued the Doctor, "that this sort of feeling denotes a snobbishness foreign to all our old traditions. It is an unpleasant spirit which we desire to see rooted out from the school. We have with us today Lord Liston, who is chairman of the Governing Committee of Claycroft. It is with his full knowledge and consent that I say that any boy here whose parents consider him too good to associate with Cosby is at liberty to withdraw from the school at the end of the term."

"Rather! Let 'em go!" came shouts from all over the big room.

The Doctor quelled the tumult.

"I have finished," he said. "Lord Liston will speak to you."

Fresh cheering as Liston rose. In a short but capital little speech he told them that he had never seen a smarter bit of work than Tom Cosby's stopping of the runaway, and that he was proud of a country and a school that could produce such a boy.

"Now, Cosby," he said, smiling, "come up here, will you?"

Thunders of applause as Tom, looking positively scared, walked up to the platform.

Liston opened a small morocco case, and displayed a handsome gold hunter watch, with chain.

"Something useful as well as ornamental," he said, still smiling genially. "And the inscription on the case will serve to remind you and others of a plucky act well done."

He handed the watch over, shook hands with Tom, and the cheering burst out again as Tom went back to his seat.

Once more his lordship spoke.

"I've asked your master for a half-holiday for you all in honour of the occasion."

Again a long cheer as the meeting broke up, and Tom was surrounded by a crowd all eager to see his prize. Nettles and Paddy walked away arm in arm.

"That's spiked Mansford's guns," said Nettles, with quiet satisfaction.

Paddy nodded. "I think ye are right this time, Nettles. And if Manny and his crowd clear out, sure it's the better for all of us. There's him and Harney this minute," he added, pointing to the two, who were slinking away together towards the gates.

Could Paddy and Nettles have heard what the precious pair were saying, they might not have felt quite so happy.

TO BE CONTINUED

Funny  
People  
From  
Funland  
Farm

These are only two of the many jolly characters appearing every Tuesday in **LITTLE SPARKS**, which is NOW full of Coloured Pictures and Picture-Stories, and is like an entirely NEW paper! Take a copy home TODAY. You are sure to like it!



**LITTLE SPARKS**

Price 1½d.

The ALL-PICTURE  
paper for Children

## Five-Minute Story

### Silly Billy

HE was always looked upon as the village idiot from the time he was an open-mouthed little boy at school, stupidly droning away at the lessons he was too slow ever to master.

When he grew older no one desired the task of teaching Silly Billy a trade, and gradually it became the custom to send for him when any particularly dirty work was to be done; for he never objected, and, if he were slow, he was always amiable, and the scantiest pay seemed to satisfy him.

Billy could not remember the time when he had a mother, for she died when he was quite a tiny chap.

He lived on the common with his father—a silent old gardener who took more interest in his cabbages than in his only son.

They cooked and cleaned for themselves, and wasted no words over it, and when work was over Billy was satisfied to lean over the gate for hours at a stretch, meditating like a contented cow.

His greeting was always the same.

"It's a nice day, but there'll be a change afore night, sartintly."

Then came the war.

Billy couldn't spell through the newspapers, but he heard others talk, and to the surprise and mirth of the whole village he shuffled into the parish room and offered his services with a cheerful grin.

Nobody thought for a moment that he would be accepted, and great was the astonishment of the villagers when it became known that he had passed.

Afterwards it became one of the diversions of the villagers on Sunday afternoons to watch Billy drilling in the school-yard, a knock-kneed, shuffling youth forming fours and shouldering his rifle with amiable clumsiness.

In due time Silly Billy was sent abroad to fight for his country.

The old gardener on the common became more silent, and shook his head when asked for news of Billy. A year passed before a letter came to the cottage; but the vicar had to read it, for the old man could not make head or tail of it.

It was a wonderful letter telling the story of his son's heroism, for Silly Billy had been wounded in saving a comrade's life.

Afterwards he came back—a little less knock-kneed and shuffling, but the same Billy except for the little ribbon of honour on his breast.

He had no tales to tell, and he is still content to do the dirty work of the village; but at the end of the day, when he meditates over the garden gate smoking his old pipe, his mind must be full of other pictures besides the heathery common before him, for in that fateful year Silly Billy had seen many strange things.

But he will always give passers-by his old greeting:

"It's a nice day, but there'll be a change afore night, sartintly."



July 31, 1920

The Children's Newspaper



# A Merry Heart Goes All the Way



## DI MERRYMAN

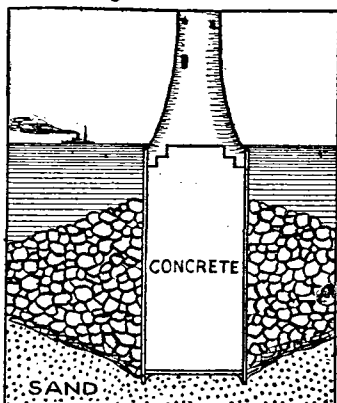
"You advertise this as the best hotel in town," said a visitor who had stayed one night.

"Yes, sir, it most certainly is," replied the manager.

"Well, that may be a good thing for the hotel, but it's a terribly hard knock for the town."

### PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How is a Lighthouse Built on Sand?



A base of concrete is made, and this is surrounded by hundreds of tons of stones piled upon a layer of brushwood. The lighthouse is then built up on the concrete.

### Which Are You?

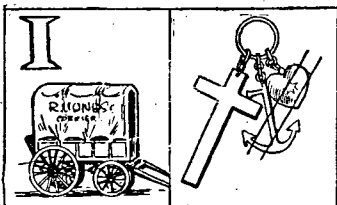
A SQUARE peg in a round hole fills only 0.6366 of the space. The round peg in a square hole is to be preferred, for it occupies 0.7854 of the space, and has no corners to be rubbed off.

### A Bird in the Hand

Here is a new setting of the proverb "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

A MEMBER of the feathered federation  
A prisoner by your palm and digits made  
Is worth at least a couple of his brothers  
Who in your leafy arbour seek the shade.

### Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and a girl's name. Do you know what they are?

Solutions next week

### Progress

GOOD, better, best, let us never rest  
Till our good be better, and our better best.

## Ici on Parle Français

### LES INFANTS DE LA FRANCE

Relève-toi, France, reine du monde,

Tu vas cueillir tes lauriers les plus beaux.

Oui, d'âge en âge, une palme féconde

Doit de tes fils protéger les tombeaux.

Que près du mien, telle est mon espérance,

Pour la patrie admirant mon amour,

Le voyageur répète un jour:  
Honneur aux enfants de la France!

BÉRANGER

### A Tongue-Twister

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot  
To talk ere the tot could totter,  
Ought the Hottentot tot  
To be taught to say "ought"  
Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?

If to hoot and toot a Hottentot tot  
Be taught by a Hottentot tooter,  
Should the tooter get hot if the Hottentot tot  
Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tooter?

### What Is It?

THIS multiplies me I declare,  
Though it reduces one;  
A sty is foul if it is there,  
By it a deed is done.

Solution next week

SHOPPER: "I want some good current literature."

Bookseller: "Here are some books on electric lighting."

### Is Your Name Barnard?

BARNARD as a surname is derived from the word beorn, meaning a bear, which later came to mean a warrior, and no doubt the first Barnard was a brave and fearless warrior.



Shilly Shally

### Famous Books and Their Readers

IN the public library the other day a short man was reading Longfellow, a servant was reading Butler, a jeweller was interested in Goldsmith, an engineer asked for Lever, a fishmonger was reading Shelley, a blacksmith inquired for Locke, a flour merchant read Mill, a lancer asked for Shakespeare, a cheesemonger showed interest in Bacon, and a hedger asked for Hawthorne.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### The Mystery

Star, tar, arts, rats.

#### A Picture Lesson In Geography

The place was Barking

#### Do You Know This?

U, you, yew, Hugh, Hew.

## Notes and Queries

### What does Half-Bound mean?

A book half-bound is one in which only the corners and the back are in leather, the rest of the cover being cloth or paper.

### What does K.C. mean?

The letters K.C. after a lawyer's name stand for King's Counsel, and indicate that the barrister has been called within the Bar, which means that he has certain rank and privilege which junior lawyers have not.

### What is a Bill of Lading?

A Bill of Lading is a document containing a list or description of the goods shipped by any person, and signed by the owner or master of the vessel acknowledging their receipt.

## The Adventures of Jerry

TOLD BY MARGARET LILLIE  
CHAPTER 13

JERRY was running away down the road, wondering where he could hide, when he caught sight of a hole in the hedge. He bent down, and slipped through, and, to his astonishment, found himself in a meadow which led down to a river.

There was a man on the banks, with a pipe in his mouth, and, when he saw Jerry coming, with his troop of animals following in a line, he took the pipe out and stared at them.

"All these animals yours?" he asked.

"Not really!" replied Jerry. "But they won't go away."



"Are all these animals yours?"

The man laughed, and began drawing in his fishing-line.

"Have you got a bite?" cried Jerry.

The man shook his head. "I'm going to row up-stream a bit," he said. "Like to come with me?"

Jerry jumped for joy.

"Come on, then," laughed his new friend, and he went over to a little boat, and helped Jerry in. Then he got in himself, and after him jumped Pat and Snowball and Blackie and Sammy and Nanny.

"Help!" exclaimed the man. "I didn't invite the family!"

"Oh, please let them come!" pleaded Jerry. "They'll be as good as gold."

And so they were. They seemed to enjoy it just as much as Jerry; and when, after quite a long time, the man pulled up by some reeds, and said, "Are you hungry? I am!" Pat barked, Bow! bow! bow!

"Somebody is, at any rate," said the man, laughing. "Now, young man, if you'll look under that seat you'll find a hamper. That's it! Pull it out!"

Jerry pulled, and, when they opened the lid and he saw all the good things inside, he cried, "I am glad I came!"

More of Jerry next week

## Jacko Gets His Own Back

As Jacko ran out of the house he caught his foot in something that ought not to be there and fell sprawling to the ground.

He picked himself up, and he noticed two things. One was a piece of string stretched carefully across the path; the other the grinning faces of two of his schoolfellows who were running off down the lane as fast as their legs would carry them.

"Right!" murmured Jacko. "Just you wait a bit!"

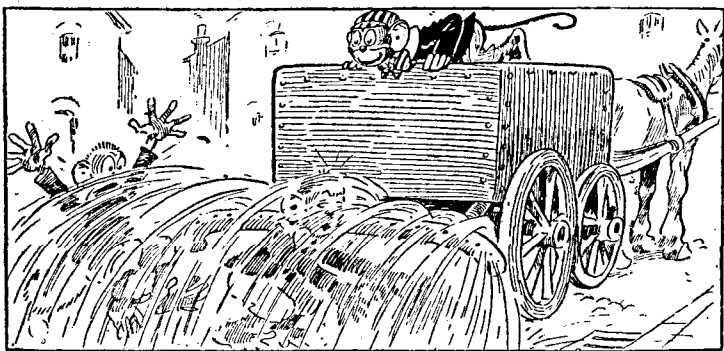
He arrived at school with a bump on his head as big as a walnut. The master inquired how he had got it, and such a titter came from the two culprits that Jacko vowed he'd get even with them that very day.

Lessons over, they all trooped out of school. A water-cart was standing in the road. Jacko looked round. The man was not in sight, but his two tormentors were, just behind him.

Jacko bent and pretended to find something unusual with the cart. Then he stooped and stared hard at the little round holes where the water comes out. The others stooped and stared, too.

"What's wrong?" they asked.

Jacko made no answer, but while they were staring hard at the back of the cart, he sprang up in front and turned on the tap!



Jacko sprang up and turned on the tap

### Who Was He?

## The Stonemason

MORE than a century ago a little Scottish boy who came of seafaring stock had the misfortune, while still very young, to lose his father. An uncle became his guardian, and not only sent him to school, but taught him to love Nature and all her works.

He soon acquired a taste for literature and read many of the famous classics, and he was particularly fond of poetry.

His friends wanted him to enter a profession, but the boy preferred an open-air life, and became a stonemason. The work was naturally hard, but he was able to study the rocks, and asked himself questions about them.

After a time he left the quarry and went to Edinburgh, but the dust from the stone-cutting injured his health, and he was compelled to return to his native place to recover. An excellent constitution pulled him through, and he resumed his work.

He wrote a volume of poems, which was published and won faint praise, and then he began to write little articles for country papers, and in time became a local celebrity. Some rather patronising ladies used to visit him in the churchyard, where he carved inscriptions on tombstones, and talk condescendingly to the learned stonemason.

One day these ladies brought with them a beautiful young girl of 19, and the stonemason fell in love with her, and it was not long before the couple were married and became very happy.

He now gave up the mason's business and obtained a position as accountant in a local bank. A great religious discussion arose in his native land, and he threw himself into it with zest. Then one section started a paper, which he edited. He wrote in this paper a series of geological articles, which, republished in book form, have since become famous.

The greatest geologists of the day were amazed, for this unknown stonemason had told them things they had never dreamt of. He had found fossils where they had thought there were no signs of life, and one of the fossils was named after him. A famous scientist, Dr. Buckland, said he would sacrifice his right arm if he could write such articles.

Other books were produced, but the man had overworked himself, and fits of depression and fear came on. At last, one night, after writing a pathetic farewell letter to his wife, he took his own life.

It was a sad end, but his name lives as one of the first who made science interesting to ordinary people. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last Week's Name—Angelica Kauffmann



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

# CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

July 31, 1920

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## BOYS OF THE JAMBOREE · THE GREAT SCOUT LEAGUE OF NATIONS



A London scout sounds "reveille"



The future King of Italy



The standard bearer of the Crete scouts



Prince Petros of Greece as a boy scout



An Argentine scout in field uniform



A Belgian boy scout



A London scout beats a tattoo



A party of Austrian scouts training in the mountains



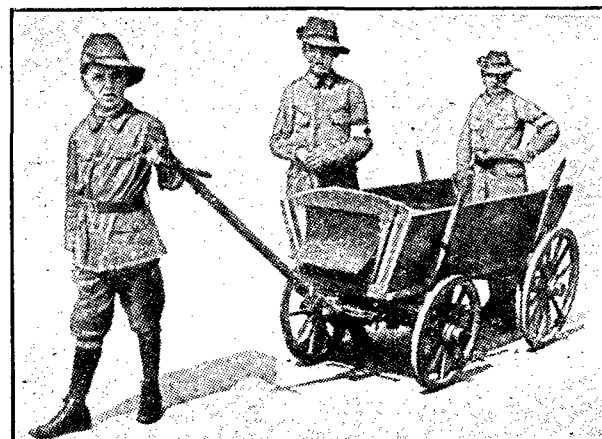
The future King of Spain and his brother Prince Jacques in their uniforms as members of a boy scout troop



A camp of British boy scouts in India awaiting inspection



A Sioux chief showing American scouts how to light a fire by rubbing two sticks together



German boy scouts with their trek cart setting off on a journey



Boy scouts of Armenia who suffered much in the war



Indian boy scouts at Baroda practising the fireman's lift



A Dutch boy scout signalling



A band of Russian scouts at Tsarkoe Selo



British sea scouts on the look-out



Scottish scouts at a summer camp receiving their rations



A review of Japanese boy scouts at Tokio

These are some of the types of boy scouts from all over the world who are meeting next week at Olympia for the great Jamboree at which nearly 200,000 scouts are expected

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